

# The TATLER

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February 24, 1937



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# The TATLER

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LADY STANLEY

Hay Wrightson, New Bond Street

Shortly after this attractive photograph was taken, Lord Stanley's wife set sail for America, and a picture of her aboard the *Berengaria* will be found on a subsequent page. Lady Stanley will be back from the States in good time for the Coronation and to make final arrangements for the Playing Fields Ball, of which she is Chairman, and her father-in-law, Lord Derby, President. This Ball, in aid of the National Playing Fields Association, is to be held at the Dorchester on May 5. T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Kent have graciously promised to be present and Lady Charles Cavendish is arranging a highly original cabaret



LADY SYLVIA MAITLAND AND LORD CAREW, WHO ARE ENGAGED *Lenore*

Lady Sylvia Maitland, who became engaged to Lord Carew at the end of last year, is the only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lauderdale, and the bridegroom-elect, who is in the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, succeeded to the title on the death of his father in 1927. From 1931 to 1936 he was on the staff of the former Governor of Bermuda, Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Astley Cubitt

"At open doors dogs come in."—SCOTTISH PROVERB.

**I**T is a wise man who knows his friends and a wise host who knows his guests.

An open house is not a true asset and says little for the owner's sociability or generosity; in fact to-day it proclaims him both a fool and a climber.

It is quality not quantity that counts both in food and wine and those we invite to enjoy them.

Let gate-crashers, bores, and others wait without!

\* \* \*

**C**oronation year activities are already making heavy demands on the members of the Royal Family, and many of their days seem to be spent in hurrying from one public engagement to the other. The Duke of Gloucester while at Melton Mowbray managed to sandwich a little hunting between "duty" fixtures—as, for instance, a visit to the Birmingham section of the British Industries Fair, to which he motored from Leicestershire.

But from now until the end of the season for the King and Queen and their family there is an enormously heavy programme.

If anybody thinks that a walk through the B.I.F. either at Olympia or the White City is a "joy ride," it merely means that they have never done that three- or four-mile trek, with numerous halts at stands to examine exhibits, and frequent stops in order that photographs may be taken. If there is



GOLFING AT NORTH BERWICK: GENERAL SIR ROBERT WHIGHAM AND LADY MASSEREENE AND FERRARD *Balmain*

General Sir Robert Whigham joined the Warwickshire Regiment in 1885 and saw service in the Nile Expedition of 1898 with the Soudanese Army, including the battles of Atbara and Khartoum. Among his many appointments have been those of Deputy-Chief of the Imperial General Staff and Adjutant-General of the Forces. Lady Massereene is the eldest daughter of the late Sir John Ainsworth, of Ardanaiscig, Argyllshire

## PANORAMA



MRS. JULIEN LEZARD AND HER SON STEPHEN WITH THE COTTESMORE

The day they met at Burton Lazars only a few hours after the hunt ball.

Stephen Lezard was not at that frolic. Mrs. Lezard married Mr. Julien Lezard in 1929, and her son by her first marriage to Lord Northland is the present Earl of Ranfurly

anything quite so tiring as a slow progress through any show I have yet to meet it. That their Majesties, Queen Mary, and the other members of the Royal Family, who included the Duke and Duchess of Kent and the Princess Royal, emerged smiling after their tour, having shown keen interest in each exhibit, is just one more proof—although no proof is needed—of the unselfish spirit in which they approach "duty" engagements.

But energy and enthusiasm are characteristic of the younger members of the Royal Family. The Duke and Duchess of Kent have so much of it that after a hard day's work they go to the theatre together, and now and again wind up an evening at a restaurant. They were at the Savoy the other evening and looked in at



a night club on another occasion. They also attended the Orloff concert. Both the Duke and Duchess are musical; the Duke is quite a creditable pianist, and one of his most prized wedding presents was the grand piano for which a few personal friends subscribed. In the same week the Duchess went with Lord and Lady Herbert to see the Rambert Ballet, the second visit she paid it within a week or ten days.

Lent these days makes little difference to the entertaining programme. Those hardy mothers to whom I referred last week are not waiting until May to bring their daughters out; in fact, the 1937 dance season has already been ushered in with one or two small "hops," and notably one given by the Fortescue-Flannerys, while to-night a real full-dress dance for a débutante is being given by Lady Askwith. The débutante is her granddaughter, Miss Sheila Graham, one of the several seventeen-year-olds to be making their début this year. About twenty hostesses are giving dinner parties for the dance, which is being held at 5, Cadogan Gardens.

Miss Graham's mother, Lady Evelyn Patrick, is entertaining for this dance, and so also are Lady Askwith, Lady Agnes Peel, who is bringing out a daughter, and Baroness Beaumont, who also has to face up to the duties of taking about a daughter during her first London season.

No one could complain of lack of variety in entertaining last week, for besides the usual round of cocktail and sherry parties which go on every day, there was Lady Astor's evening reception, and a smart little party given by Mrs. Ormond Lawson-Johnston at her house in Cadogan Place, at which the guests of honour were the Duke and Duchess of Kent. Guests of honour convey, perhaps, a suggestion of formality. Actually the evening was gay, friendly and as informal as any party can be at which Royal guests are present.

As usual Lady Astor's party was



TAKING TO THE WATER AT VILLEFRANCHE

Mr. "Billy" Wessel's swimming pool at his beautiful villa is big enough for boating operations. His two passengers are Anita Lisana, the Chilean lawn-tennis star, who is already being tipped to win at Wimbledon this year, and Miss Jackson, who is chaperoning Anita during her stay on the Riviera. Mr. Wessel married the former Lady Churston, widow of the late Lord Churston



Cannons of Hollywood

THE HON. AVA BAIRD

A recent portrait of the youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Stonehaven, who was a débutante of last year. Her sister, Ariel, is at the moment staying with the Viceroy and Lady Linlithgow in India. Lord Stonehaven, who resigned last year from the Chairmanship of the Conservative Party, was formerly Sir John Baird, and is an ex-Governor-General of Australia. He bought the late Lord Tredegar's house in Bryanston Square, and his Scottish seat is Urie, Stonehaven, Kincardineshire

notable for the lovely floral decorations, especially the flowering trees in the hall and upstairs. Bad schools in slums was a subject in which every guest at the party was assumed to be interested, and in order to

Lady Astor's parties. I should say her "full dress" gatherings are in some ways less interesting than those called for other than purely frivolous purposes. But the excellent buffet at both kinds of parties is the same and run on teetotal lines.

Lady Willoughby de Eresby came in for part of the time; also Lord and Lady Gainford and Mrs. Reggie Grenfell.

The Jack Doyle-Harry Staal fight was the same evening, with Lady Eleanor Smith and Lady Queensberry, recently back from her trip to Switzerland and Austria, in ringside seats, introducing a "society" note into a sporting spectacle which, for some reason, seems to attract an increasing number of feminine spectators.

For some of us, attendance at Earl's Court to see the fight was a prelude to an evening with supper at the Café de Paris where Lucienne Boyer, who has lately been touring in France and Belgium, came back with some of her old songs and many

(Continued overleaf)



YVONNE PRINTEMPS AND LADY CHAMBERLAIN AT THE ANGLO-FRENCH RECITAL LAST WEEK

Yvonne Printemps delighted everyone at the entertainment to the members of the Anglo-French Art and Travel Society at the Queen's Theatre with songs from *La Grande Duchesse* and *L'Amour Masqué*. Part of Sir Austen Chamberlain's education was imbibed at the Ecole des Sciences Politiques



## PANORAMA—continued

new ones. She seemed immensely gratified and grateful for her reception. As for the audience, they liked her so much that they refused point-blank to take a "no" as an answer to demands for an encore.

Lady Weymouth was among the dancers, in a blue dress with a panel of diamanté paillettes, which seemed somehow to accentuate her youth and height.

It was good to see Lady Plunket back again and looking her pretty, vivacious self after a return visit to St. Moritz. Her party included her husband, Miss Merle Oberon and Mr. Jim Lawrence. Merle wore a white dress with a curious bib-like addition which appeared to be embroidered with a mixture of diamanté and sea-shells in front. Lady Plunket's black sequin glove-fitting gown was lovely, but only the sort of dress a really slender woman would dare to wear.

Mrs. Murray-Smith, who looks lovelier every time one sees her, was in black. Young Lord Macduff came in rather late. Luckily, he has to come no farther than from Aldershot, so that getting back in reasonable time is fairly easy. Another late arrival was Lord Stanley, who joined the Weymouths' party.

To add to last week's varied programme of entertaining there was the pageant, "The King of Glory," at the Albert Hall, at which Queen Mary had promised to be present last Saturday. It starts with the Creation and works up to the Crucifixion, and is a bit of pageantry which, despite certain drawbacks in production, is well worth seeing. There is still time as the performances go on all this week.

Pageantry, but of a rather different kind, was discussed at Lady Howard de Walden's noon-hour party, and, like Lady Astor, the hostess was absent, but her daughter-in-law, Mrs. John Scott-Ellis, was a very efficient deputy, and negus and mulled claret were there to help stimulate spirits already beginning to feel a trifle jaded at the prospect of the innumerable charity balls ahead.

However, the Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball, to discuss which this gathering was called, is so popular that a débutante would almost as soon think of giving up her own coming-out dance as declining to be one of the Maids of Honour at the Queen Charlotte Ball. I'm looking forward to seeing the hundred and fifty or so newcomers to society who will appear *en masse* at this ball, if for no other reason than to be reassured once again that the standard of English beauty is maintained at a high level each succeeding year.

Hostesses spend so much of their energy on entertaining quite young people that it's refreshing now and again to come across one of them who is brave enough to insist that an adequate supply of mothers and fathers should be mixed with the young.

The cocktail party given by Mrs. Brinton and the Hon. Mrs. Dudley North at the Lansdowne House Club was a mixed gathering, by which I mean that the old, the not so old, and the quite young were invited to the party. There was rather less of the exchange of cards, dance dates, and lists of hostesses than is usual at such parties, and the supply of young men

must have worked out at a considerably higher percentage than one generally sees at afternoon "shows" of a like nature.

The hostesses have débutante daughters, one apiece, to bring out this year. Susan, Mrs. North's second girl, already looks like making a reputation for herself as one of the prettiest girls of the season. She has brains as well as looks and at present shows no signs of trying to be "too clever," always a fatal mistake, and doubly fatal when one is on the threshold of one's social career.

Pretty, dark-haired Miss Barbara Daniell was one of a family party of four. Her sister, Jacqueline, is making great strides with her singing after her brilliant début in the Stock Exchange operetta.

Miss Cecilia Seddon and Miss Bunny Hamilton-Wedderburn represented the great world of "workers." The former was telling keenly interested contemporaries of her experiences as a mannequin after a week's work; Miss Hamilton-Wedderburn is, by comparison, an "old hand" and works at an establishment in Berkeley Square.

Lady Louis Mountbatten left London on Saturday for South Africa, to recover from a bad attack of 'flu. Her pent house was only finished being redecorated the week she left, and the small cocktail parties given to a few intimate friends were in the nature of both a housewarming and a farewell.

The Plunkets have just left England to swell the crowd of Londoners in New York—later we may hear of them joining the large collection of English visitors at Palm Beach, which is where the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough have been seeking sunshine.

Still, there are a few interesting people left at home, and one can find many of them at luncheon time at Claridge's, where the Duchess of Westminster, in all black, was one of the smartest women the other day, or at Quaglino's, where I saw Lord and Lady Feversham together after Lady Feversham had spent the morning fulfilling duties as chairman on one of the many Coronation ball committees. Hers is in connection with the London Child's Guidance Clinic, and is to take place on May 10 at Grosvenor House.

The vice-chairmen are Lady Rosamund Gibb and Mrs. Eustace Storey, whose husband is one of the four who will be representing England at golf against the South Africans. The other three members of the team are Cyril Tolley, D. H. R. Martin (Ham to his friends), and John Beck, who won the President's Putter last year and is married to an Irish international golfer—she was Miss Barbara Pym—and they will be captained by Billy Locke at Addington on May 9.

Eustace Storey pulled off an amusing match for a wager at Swinley Forest the other day.

Mr. Vivian Cornelius, challenger, asked for twelve strokes and declared to be able to win by two and one.

Mr. Storey accepted, conceded the strokes, and won the match two up. His score of sixty-six was just two more than the record for the course—sixty-four—created by himself.

This record was scored exactly a year before the match, to the very day. But his opponent had no reason to be ashamed of his score—seventy-seven.



CELEBRITIES IN TOWN ONE NIGHT

Jack Doyle, gladiator and film star, Mrs. Beryl Markham, heroine of that sensational Atlantic solo flight, and Jim Mollison, the hero of so many air adventures that it is easy to lose count of them, were all three snapshotted at the Café de Paris the other night. Jim Mollison broke the Atlantic record last October with a time of 13 hours 17 mins. Jack Doyle is more or less fresh from his recent encounter with the hefty Dutchman, Staal. They said Doyle had broken a bone in one of his hands, but luckily that is not so

Swaebe



## WHAT'S DOING IN LONDON



AT THE FIRST NIGHT OF "BIG BUSINESS": LADY ANN CHILD-VILLIERS AND HER FIANCÉ, MR. A. H. ELLIOT



LADY CASTLEREAGH TALKING TO LADY ILCHESTER (right) AT COVENT GARDEN OPERA HOUSE, WHEN CHALIAPIN SANG



AT THE CHALIAPIN CONCERT: LADY DIANA COOPER AND VIOLET DUCHESS OF RUTLAND



THE HON. NEFERTARI BETHELL SUPS WITH VISCOUNT FORBES AT THE CAFÉ DE PARIS



COUNTESS BENCKENDORFF AND MR. H. G. WELLS AT THE CHALIAPIN CONCERT

The camera was busy on night duty in London last week. Three of these pictures were taken when the great Feodor Chaliapin made a welcome return to the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, to delight the ears of a huge audience and to benefit financially the work of the National Council of Social Service in the Distressed Areas. Sir Julien Cahn was President and sole sponsor of the affair, and he is arranging for Chaliapin to sing for the same good cause in Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Newcastle, and Cardiff. The Chairman was Lord Londonderry's daughter-in-law, Lady Castlereagh, and Lady Diana Cooper and her mother, Violet Duchess of Rutland, were Vice-chairmen of the concert, to which the King and Queen gave their patronage. Lady Ann Child-Villiers and her fiancé were photographed when the new musical comedy, *Big Business*, which has Bobby Howes, Vera Pearce, and Wylie Watson as high lights, made its bow at the London Hippodrome. Mr. Alexander Elliot is the younger son of the late Mr. Gilbert Elliot and of Mrs. Elliot, of 23, Portman Square, and a grandson of Mr. Henry Barber, of New York. Lord Forbes, who was listening to Lucienne Boyer at the Café de Paris in company with Lord Westbury's only sister, is the elder son of the Earl and Countess of Granard; he came of age last year



# THE CINEMA

THESE are slumpish days in the film world, and no cinema I have visited recently has had more than a hantle of people inside it. What means "hantle"? you may ask, forgetful of your Barrie. Go back to the penultimate chapter of *Sentimental Tommy* and recall how that adorable child, writing an essay for a competition, brought himself to public scorn for lack of a word: "He had wanted a Scotch word that would signify how many people were in church, and it was on the tip of his tongue but would come no further. Puckle was nearly the word, but it did not signify so many people as he meant. The hour had gone by just like winking; he had forgotten all about time while searching his mind for the word." "I thought of manzy," explained Tommy afterwards, "but—but a manzy's a swarm. It would mean that the folk in the kirk were buzzing thegither like bees, instead of sitting still. . . . I thought of mask, but that would mean the kirk was crammed, and I just meant it to be middling full. . . . Flow's but a handful. . . . Curran's no enough. . . . I wanted something between curran and mask!" It will be remembered that the ministers, all but Mr. Ogilvy, "who had been hiding his admiration with difficulty," were pained, that Tommy was run by the neck out of the parish school of Thrums, and that an odd thing happened while they were in the midst of the subsequent prize-giving: "The door opened a little and there appeared in the aperture the face of Tommy, tear-stained but excited. 'I ken the word now,' he cried, 'it came to me a' at once; it is hantle!'"

The hantle present the other afternoon at the Rialto was an appreciative hantle, for there was a neatly contrasted programme containing a wild animal film, *The Mighty Tundra*, and a wild schoolgirl film, *Girls' Dormitory*, with a tame little news-reel sandwiched between the two. The first was a quite remarkable Nature film pretending to be the story of a young doctor who had to make a forced landing while flying over Alaska, struck up a great friendship with two bear cubs, hobnobbed with beavers, nearly starved, and finally got rescued. It really did not matter that the young American to whom all these things were supposed to happen nowhere looked in the least like starving or being in real danger. What mattered was his complete understanding with his camera-man, and the adroitness with which the two contrived to get intimate close-ups of bears, beavers, and moose. Also of a cantankerous eagle, some sullen and sinister musk-oxen, and a puma—a beast which I ignorantly thought inhabited much more southerly latitudes.

In the still wilder schoolroom film, Mr. Herbert Marshall was headmaster of a secondary school for American young ladies in Germany. He would lecture them on things like Ancient History, and the bevy of lovelies would hang on his lightest word on the subject. How Mr. Marshall can keep his tongue out of his cheek in such a part eludes me! His smile is wistful, his tones sincere, his eyebrows move with gentlemanly conviction, and his eyes are as black as the



Hyman Fink

SNAPPED "ON THE LOT": GINGER ROGERS

Ginger Rogers, the other half of the famous partnership of Astaire and Rogers, was caught by the camera in an off moment at the back of the set. It seems strange to see this little lady in so pensive a mood, as compared with the intense activity of her screen performances

## Dog Days

By JAMES AGATE

buttons on buttoned boots. The loveliest pupil of all and the one most in love with the Herr Direktor is the new starlet, Miss Simone Simon, an engaging creature whose dewy mouth will be her fortune, and who looks like being able to act besides. Of the mistresses in the school, one played by Miss Ruth Chatterton loved the Herr Direktor so nobly and abnegatorily that she was willing to stand down in favour of Miss Simon, while another played by Miss Constance Collier, in skirt, blouse and glasses, so loathed Miss Simon that she kept dropping her skirt in her rage and so provided some tasteful comic relief. We saw a very great deal of the school curriculum which consisted, however, almost exclusively in elaborate fencing lessons and the moonstruck lecture aforesaid. After the latter the girl approached the master when the rest had moved dreamily out of the classroom and thanked him with a kind of brazen naïvety: "You make everything so—so exciting!" The next thing she did, of course, was to write a long love-letter and allow Miss Collier to find it in her desk. She was threatened with disgrace on the day before her graduation. So she rushed out into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf to make an apple-pie—I'm sorry! So she rushed out into the stormy night to boggle at the edge of a precipice and be snatched back to light, life and love by the mackintoshes of Mr. Marshall. Therefore the graduation happened after all, and Miss Chatterton accompanied the ceremony on a harmonium. A tedious discussion followed as to whether eighteen years was too great a difference between a bridal couple. But finally, they decided to take a chance and get married, and all the other girls and teachers lived unhappily ever after. The film-director, remembering occasionally that this nonsense was supposed to be happening in Germany, kept turning everybody into a beer garden flooded with Strauss waltzes. But all the lager in Bavaria could not drown the fact that the thing is sheer Hollywood at its most typical.

All the more reason, then, why the Rialto should have held at least a manzy of filmgoers! The truth is that very few cinemas these days seem able to attract anything like that

number. I chose to go to the Rialto this week because four of the major cinemas which I more usually visit were each concluding a single week's run. Let us hope that the slump is a purely temporary affair, and that the fact of the theatres doing extraordinarily well at the moment has nothing to do with the case. One can only breathe the blessed word, "Coronation," which is said to explain away all possible ebbs and flows of prosperity. And after all, the cinema in England can hardly be said to have met with such a phenomenon in its life before!

\* \* \*

*Aren't Men Beasts*, the very amusing farce that had so successful a run at the Strand Theatre, has been filmed. Robertson Hare, Alfred Drayton, Billy Milton and June Clyde are the stars of the screen version of this stage success, which is now at the New Gallery. The cast also includes Ruth Maitland, Anne Boyd, Ellen Pollock and Judy Kelly.



# THE BRIGADE'S POINT-TO-POINT PRECEDES A PYTCHLEY MEET



COLONEL J. G. LOWTHER, M.F.H., TALKING  
TO LORD WIMBORNE AT ASHBY ST. LEDGERS

These pictures were taken last Wednesday, when the Brigade of Guards' point-to-point race, held near Great Brington, was followed by a meet of the Pytchley at Lord and Lady Wimborne's home, Ashby St. Ledgers. A very big field turned up to watch the Guards in action, but subsequent fox-chasing activities were restricted by lack of scent. Colonel J. G. Lowther has been Joint Master of the Pytchley for fourteen seasons. In 1934 Captain R. Macdonald-Buchanan joined him, and it is good news that "no change" is reported for next season



LADY CAREW-POLE,  
LORD SPENCER AND  
MRS. BECKWITH-SMITH

Of the 50 entries for the Brigade of Guards, 24 came under starter's orders. It rained relentlessly, and with the going already very deep four miles of fair hunting country provided a stern test of staying powers. Mr. D. R. Daly, Scots Guards, riding Dunsandle, was in the lead when disaster befel him at the last fence; he remounted and finished second to Captain Sir John Carew-Pole, Coldstream Guards, on Cold Iron, the Hon. H. K. Cecil, Welsh Guards, filling third place on Winberry. Mr. Daly, however, had the consolation of winning the Scots Guards Regimental Race. Major Sir Alexander Stanier, who was also race riding, is in the Welsh Guards. That famous Pytchley personality, Mr. George Drummond, of Pitsford Hall, was King George VI's host when H.M. first went hunting in Northamptonshire



MAJOR SIR ALEXANDER AND LADY  
STANIER AND (left) MRS. FOX-PITT



LADY WIMBORNE AND MR. GEORGE  
DRUMMOND AT ASHBY ST. LEDGERS



MR. D. R. DALY FALLS AT THE LAST FENCE  
IN THE BRIGADE OF GUARDS RACE



# From the Shires and Provinces



MRS. GOOCH AND GENERAL JOHN VAUGHAN WITH THE COTTESMORE AT BURTON LAZARS

This was the morning-after-the-night-before of the Cottesmore Ball. Mrs. Gooch is the wife of the well-known trainer. General John Vaughan is not often seen on his feet on a hunting morning. Like many other famous figures in history, he is an ex-10th Hussar

been good, especially on Saturdays, and again from Fosse Lodge we sampled that delightful country around Foxley and Sherston. Fred Brown seems to have quite recovered from his accident, and the 'flu epidemic appears to be clearing up at last. The annual meet at Swallets Gate was fun, but, alas, Master lost one of his best bitches on the railway, but was lucky to escape with only one casualty. The lady visitor had a nice muddy bath when her horse proceeded to roll in the ride in Great Wood! We have had no parties of late, but the night of the Point-to-Point will set things going again.

## From the Warwickshire

Saturday, at Tredington, produced about the best day this season has held, starting with a brilliant gallop of thirty-five minutes from the "Signature" Covert and ending on the mountain-top near Foxcote. This holds as fair a view on a sunny morning as England can produce, and though it was a punishing finish for the heavy weights at the pace hounds went, it all seemed very well worth while to the survivors who finished.

Back again to the Vale for another outstanding half hour just as fast as the previous outing, but this fox was killed handsomely just outside Shipston, an Idlecote gentleman, too, to the joy of that good covert owner, Frank Horton. There was another evening hunt as well; in fact, everyone went home content, and almost satiated with galloping and jumping. Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, each day yielded a good hound hunt, fast enough, too, for most people in the state of the going. The innocent-looking brook below Shutford took a heavy toll to start with owing to its exceptionally boggy take-off. A pity that Tuesday put our popular Highland friend out of action—a nasty shattering fall on top of Wolford Wood.

On Thursday the sun was shining and a succession of foxes kept running over pleasant bits of country, the one from Chesterton giving an especially good account of himself. Tony again in the news-reel—seen baling out a fair-sized ditch with

## From the Beaufort

We should say it is doubtful if ever the going has been so heavy, and it looks as if we must resign ourselves to mud-larking for the rest of the season. In spite of it sport has



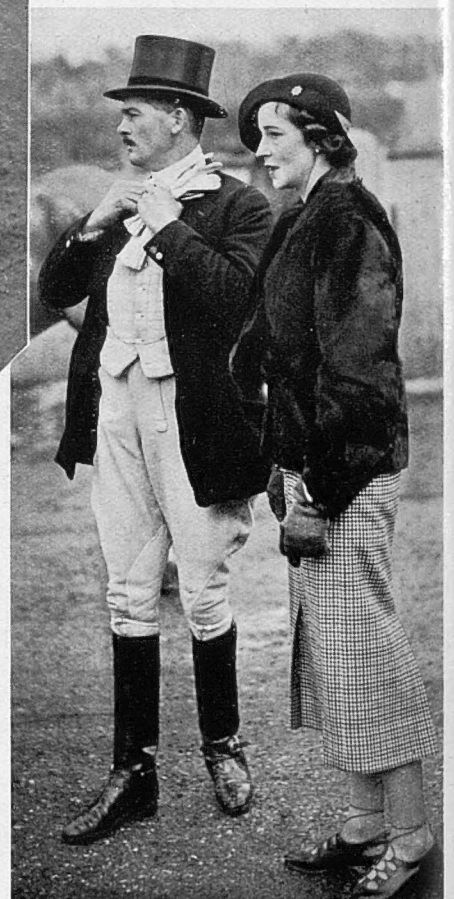
ALSO AT BURTON LAZARS

Lady North and Colonel Burns-Hartopp, some more of the infantry at the Cottesmore after-the-ball meet. Colonel Burns-Hartopp was Master of the Quorn from 1898 to 1905, taking them over from Lord Lonsdale (1893-98)

a very concertina'd chapeau! Sunday chiefly remarkable for one of the best cocktail parties of the year at Temple Grafton. Something in the nature of a birthday celebration, this, and no health was ever more heartily drunk than that of the gallant, big-hearted lady who resides there.

## From the Grafton

Brackley was the fixture on Friday, and a busy day ensued. Sport was excellent, but there were too many foxes! Brackley Gorse provided two; one was chopped in covert, and another gave us a good run via Hinton-in-the-Hedges and back again to the gorse. Nina's horse slipped up on the road but she was, fortunately, none the worse. A brace of cubs was also found in the same covert. In the second run, over nearly the same line of country, lots of us got left behind, owing to a well-nigh impassable ford. A good eighty minutes' hunt was enjoyed in the evening from Halse by those with second horses. Saturday, from Westbury, proved a good day; they managed to keep out of all the big woods, and there was a rousing scent. Monday, at Woodford, brought out a big field, but a lot of us joined in outside the town, not caring for the slippery tarmac with our "Monday morning" horses. Hounds have never before got away so quickly from Hinton Gorse. After a short check the pace was fast. Bad luck for Jean slipping up over a gap and collecting more mud than most. A bit of grief



SIR JOHN CAREW-POLE AND MRS. RIRID MYDDELTON WITH THE QUORN AT SOUTH CROXTON

Mrs. Ririd Myddelton is Lady Violet Astor's daughter by her first marriage to the late Lord Charles Mercer-Nairne. Captain Ririd Myddelton is in the Coldstream, and Sir John Carew-Pole, who is the 12th baronet, is also a Coldstream Guard and is a son of the late Lieut.-General Sir Reginald Pole-Carew

(Continued on p. xxiv)

elsewhere, but nothing serious. Some of us are suffering from a shortage of horses, and in many stables nearly all are lame owing to the bad going.

## From the Heythrop

In the hope that these notes may be read by persons, either at home or abroad, who have at one time or another hunted with the Heythrop Hounds, we take



# HUNTING HERE AND THERE



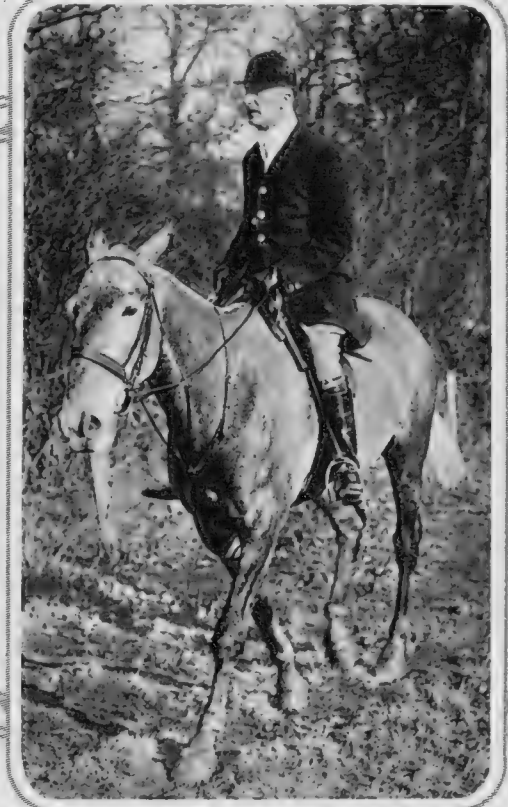
**WITH THE GALWAY BLAZERS AT BELLVILLE CROSS ROADS**  
Miss Diana Maitland-Makgill-Crichton, Mr. Dominic Browne, Lady Maureen Brabazon, Captain the Baron de Robeck and Mrs. Dominic Browne



*Photos.: Poole, Dublin*  
**ALSO WITH THE BLAZERS: MRS. GALLOWAY, MAJOR F. CARR, M.F.H., AND LADY WARRENDER**



*O'Brien*  
**WITH THE SCARTEEN IN TIPPERARY COUNTRY: LORD AND LADY KILDARE AND MISS NOREEN PONSONBY**



*Truman Howell*  
**THE MASTER CARRIES ON IN 'FLU TIME: MAJOR W. E. GATACRE, M.F.H. (SOUTH SHROPSHIRE)**



**WITH THE QUORN AT SAXELBY: LADY RAVENSDALE WITH MRS. CANTRELL-HUBBERSTY**

The Galway Blazers are one of the most famous of all the Irish packs and are specially notable for the number of first-class amateur huntsmen who have graduated with them. Miss Diana Maitland-Makgill-Crichton is a daughter of Colonel Henry Maitland-Makgill-Crichton, late of the Scots Fusiliers. Mr. Dominic Browne is a former Joint-Master of the Blazers; his wife is a daughter of Mr. Gerald Deane, the presiding genius of Messrs. Tattersall's rostrum. Lady Maureen Brabazon is Lord Meath's elder daughter. Baron de Robeck is a Gunner; in the dim and distant past he hunted, in the later stages of their career, that celebrated pack The Tigris Vale, in the Shahroban country of Mesopotamia. (They were 3½ couple and they once killed a jackal by sheer drowning in a canal!) Major Carr is Joint-Master of the Blazers with Mr. Bowes Daly and Lord Sligo. The Scarteen were in Tipperary country by invitation; they are the famous black-and-tan pack portrayed by Lionel Edwards in a recent issue of "The Tatler." Major W. E. Gatacre has been carrying-on under difficulties with five hunt servants down with 'flu or injuries. Mrs. Cantrell-Hubbersty is the wife of the Quorn's Hon. Secretary





AUTHOR OF "PEOPLE IN CAGES":  
HELEN ASHTON

"People in Cages" is Helen Ashton's new novel. As may be gathered from the friendly attitude of the "chimp," she has a real knowledge of, and sympathy with, the inmates of the Zoo, and her satire on the bipeds on the outer side of the bars shows an equal appreciation of her own kind

with the Dustman. I can't imagine anybody's psychological reactions to the contents of dust-bins. The story would be most unusual! It is easier to understand the mentality of dukes. In any case, the sole universal interest of life-stories which deal entirely with events, with no hint of personal reactions to them, must consist in their strangeness, their excitement, the "undiscovered country within our very midst" which they reveal. That is why very few English autobiographies contain much perennial interest. As a nation we not only refuse to carry our hearts on our sleeves, but we bury them under double vests and an overcoat. Which undoubtedly gives a certain style to our outward bearing, but seems a little tame in a book of revelation. Very rarely is the outer form of a person's life mentally exciting; it is the life which goes on beneath the outer form which is thrilling to a degree—and can easily make even the superficially dullest existence more moving and important than a battle. Too many English reminiscences consist of prettily intimate pictures of childhood, followed by pages of dining-with-the-So-and-sos-where-I-met-Such-and-such.

Some part of these remarks applies to the Marchioness Townshend of Raynham's new book of reminiscences, "It Was—and It Wasn't" (John Long; 18s.). One feels all the time that she could have written an infinitely more absorbing volume—if only she had let herself go! And when I write "herself," that is exactly what I mean. Only of very temporary interest is the diary of one who keeps himself to himself and lets fly only where others are concerned—be it with laurels or a disguised pitchfork. One feels, for example, that the inner story of how, almost by her own efforts, she retrieved the family's fortunes so that they were enabled to live once more in their old, ancestral home of Raynham, could have been far more moving than it is—had, for instance, she told the inside story as a "novel."

#### Lady Townshend's Memoirs.

VERY few people have a thrilling life-story to tell who relate only the outward incidents of their existence. Between the Dustman and the Duke there can easily be no difference in thrilling reminiscence if each one tells us merely of the passing events which made up the visible pattern of his individual life. In fact, the probability of interest would possibly lie

As it is, one merely understands her own intense longing to be back in the old home—whose very walls seemed to welcome her—and before one ever realises by what well-nigh superhuman effort this was accomplished, she and her children are *there*! So the whole thing becomes merely the chronicle of a few events, when it ought to have had the exciting splendour of a lifetime's effort. Indeed, so steadfastly does Lady Townshend keep herself to herself that a whole chapter consists of pleasant pen-portraits of her fellow town councillors during the year when she herself was Mayor of King's Lynn.

For me, therefore, the most interesting parts of the book were the pictures she paints of her father—charming, unconventional, ruined to-day, rich to-morrow, ruined again the day after, but unshakably optimistic always—and the chapter on True Ghost Stories, to which her own home of Raynham provides the most curious. Recently this "ghost" was actually photographed, but nevertheless the "Brown Lady of Raynham" seems more actual in Lady Townshend's account of her authentic reappearances than she does as a negative. The other stories included in the book are curious and interesting, too, and if there be a "moral" to be drawn from these unaccountable apparitions, it is to be very particular what clothes you wear in life. As a "ghost," you may reproduce them in detail. And no feminine ghost of the future could possibly look romantic dressed in "shorts" viewed from behind! But apart from "ghosts" and the varying fortunes of the Townshend family, present and past, the book contains many "good anecdotes"—even the old ones are good. As, for example, the vicar who electrified the congregation at the end of morning service by announcing, "The candidates for confirmation will be found hanging on the vestry door," and the description by a disgruntled negro in America, during the years of Prohibition, of the non-alcoholic substitute: "*Looks* like beer, *tastes* like beer, but it ain't got no *persuasion*." And her own philosophy in regard to enemies: "O God, make my enemies ridiculous. At any rate, if we are counselled to forgive our enemies, we are not bound to trust them."

#### The Romance of Films.

After reading Mr. Leslie Wood's curiously interesting book, "The Romance of the Movies" (Heinemann; 15s.), I have come to the conclusion that the strangest incidents which belong to the birth of what is now one of the biggest industries in the world are far more truly romantic and exciting than anything the industry itself has accomplished. By which you will understand that I am not a "movie fan." I am not. Ninety-nine films out of every hundred bore me, and the exceptions are usually of foreign manufacture. Abroad, rather than in England and Hollywood, they seem to have retained that semblance to real life which once belonged to films in general, but has now given way to a devastatingly boring artificiality. There is an awful process known in the film world among the "stars" as being "groomed." Well, most films, it seems to me, are now so thoroughly "groomed" that they possess little or no mental or emotional interest apart from the appeal of a "camera angle."

The other day I sat drearily through a very long "super production" film which purported to represent life in the Napoleonic era. A good novel had been turned into nothing more inspiring than a housemaid's novelette decked out in fancy dress, with every character desperately pretending to be somebody without ever actually being.

(Continued on page 334)



Bassano

A NEW DRAMATIST:  
THE HON. WILLIAM DOUGLAS-HOME  
The Hon. William Douglas-Home, Lord and Lady Home's third son, is the author of "Great Possessions," produced at the Q Theatre, a play which shows very considerable promise





# A RECENT BRIDE: LADY DEVITT

*Cannons of Hollywood, Dover Street*

Lady Devitt, who married Sir Thomas Gordon Devitt last month, is a daughter of the late Mr. E. M. Beloe and of Mrs. Beloe, of Hill Green, Clavering, Essex. Sir Thomas succeeded his grandfather as the second Baronet in 1923. He is a son of the late Mr. Arthur Devitt and of Mrs. Lloyd-Phillips, of Great Cozens, Ware, Herts: he is an athlete of wide achievements, capped four times as a Rugger International and a Cambridge Blue for the years 1923, 1924, and 1925 as a "three-quarter." The first Baronet, Sir Thomas Devitt, was a great figure in the shipping world and, amongst other attainments, was one of the managers of the Orient Line from its inception. He was also Chairman of Lloyd's from 1911 to 1922



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

anything. How could they, with every scene—especially the outdoor ones—looking like nothing but stage scenery; which, indeed, they were! And no matter how dark the night, or how deep the tropical jungle, hidden arc-lights lit up the world, to say nothing of the simple heroine's plucked eyebrows and false lashes. The anachronisms of speech, costume and manner were appalling, and yet it was a much-vaunted super-film costing thousands and thousands. I am a wise film-goer. I choose my films carefully. But, oh, how seldom I come out from the theatre with any other feeling than having wasted a good evening over an expensively-produced novelette, which, as a play or as a book, I should have considered trash for the beach-vendor. Therefore, seeing as a rule that the average programme contains two such prolonged exhibitions of marvellously contrived inanity, I usually regard the local cinema as an "umbrella" rather than as satisfying entertainment.

In the old days films may have been cruder and less photographically wonderful, but it seems to me they had a "life" which the modern development has almost completely lost. And this story of the romance of the earlier movement is extraordinary to a degree. It is gratifying to know, for example, that the original discovery of moving pictures belongs to an Englishman—Mr. Friese-Greene, a Bath photographer. He died suddenly during a mass meeting to discuss the continuance or not of British films during the war, with the sum of one shilling and tenpence as his only worldly possession! Another early pioneer, Louis Le Prince, went over to France with his camera, disappeared, and no trace of him has ever been found, dead or alive, from that day to this. Indeed, the romance of the movies is as fantastic as the movies themselves. For instance, most of the early Hepworth pictures, which had so large a vogue in their day, were erected, painted, and acted in a tiny garden behind a small villa at Walton-on-Thames. Again, a lightning strike among the supers was subtly organised so that the strikers in their fury might be unconsciously photographed and thus a realistic replica of the Gordon Riots in an early Dickens film be reproduced.

It must, indeed, have all been great fun in those early days, when film-making was a hole-in-the-corner process and nobody worried about being a "star," though enormous fortunes were nevertheless lurking around every corner. The rise of the men and women who are to-day Great Names in the film world is often as strange and fantastic as their fame. Even Hollywood, we read, is not a real city at all—merely a name, retained by sentiment, but having no post office status. Indeed, the best Arabian Nights' entertainment reveals no stranger story than the story of the movies from Friese-Greene to Walt Disney. Mr. Leslie Wood has told the story splendidly. You marvel at the ingenuity which lies behind the scenes, even though the result may only rarely be "art." Indeed, more often, in its superb artificiality, it is more like a miracle! But just because the result is so overwhelmingly popular and successful, one must treat it with respectful interest—

like the machine which takes in a pig and turns out miles of sausages.

## A Book of Admirable Short Stories.

Conscience is rightly supposed to make cowards of us all. Which is all very right and proper—if only it did not so often wake up a symbolical day-too-late. So much of the wrong we do begins either with the very best intentions or with no more intention than an overwhelming desire to clutch at peace and happiness while it seems within our reach. Having, so to speak, sought a rose and been landed with a nettle, conscience immediately bestirs itself to turn even that nettle into a poisonous plant. The kind of thing, indeed, which is the theme of Mr. Martin Armstrong's first story in his new book of short stories, "A Case of Conscience" (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.). In despair a girl married a farmer in order to make a home for herself and her mother. It sounds almost like a tale of divine self-sacrifice, doesn't it? Well, in the beginning it almost was! But the farmer turned out to be coarse, vile-tempered, cruel and dangerous; so, equally in despair, his young wife does not actually murder him, but at any rate deliberately helps him to die. Now the man was what he was, and so was the girl. The only real villain, therefore, is the fate which drives people blindly into humanly impossible situations and, then, so to speak, tells them to get on with it as best they may.

Conscience—by that I mean the kind of conscience which we hold steadfastly other people ought to possess—would condemn the young wife. Mr. Armstrong holds the balance perfectly. We condemn her, but at the same time he makes us understand her attitude. And this, perhaps, is the key to all that is best in the philosophical Christian attitude. For the rest, the book, with but one or two exceptions—stories with "magazine" writ large all over them—contains as admirable a collection of tales as I have read for a long time. A few are sentimental; some are frankly and most amusingly satirical, but all express an "idea" which

forces you to think and will make you remember them.

## Murder in Spain.

"Spies in Spain" (Collins; 7s. 6d.) starts unfortunately, because Mr. J. M. Walsh takes such a very long time to get his chief characters into that country. We are well into the story before we realise why they are all in Spain—when already there is so much trouble in that country. However, Hardon, a British agent, has disappeared, and so Colonel Ormiston, of the Secret Service, is sent over to make enquiries. With him go his associates and their wives. Quite a family excursion, in fact. Once there, of course, they scent trouble as well as invite it. In their search for Hardon, however, they discover that the insurgents, taking on another big job, are tunnelling under the sea in order to blow up the rock of Gibraltar! I need scarcely tell you they do not succeed. How they are frustrated forms the plot of this quite easy-to-read "thriller."



Catherine Bell

## ENGAGED: MISS CHARMIAN FANE

Miss Charmian Fane is the daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Henry Fane and is a granddaughter of Lord Clinton. Her engagement to Mr. Robert Rivers-Bulkeley, who is in the 2nd Battalion Scots Guards, became known recently



FILMS OF THE PRESENT HOUR



ALSO SMILING AT US IN "DISHONOUR BRIGHT": DIANA CHURCHILL

N "DISHONOUR  
RIGHT"

JENI  
LE GON



JEAN HARLOW SAYS IT WITH FLOWERS: HER NEW FILM  
IS "PERSONAL PROPERTY"

With Tom Walls in command of the Ben Travers picture, "Dishonour Bright," due at the Empire February 26th, and a great cast to back him up, we are certain to have our fill of fun. Jeni Le Gon, the clever little coloured actress from Louisiana, first came to us in "Follow the Sun," at the Adelphi in 1936, and was one of Mr. Cochran's discoveries. Diana Churchill is playing a leading part in the new play, "Wise To-morrow," at the Lyric, which had its première on February 17. The main theme of the story is love *versus* a career. Jean Harlow, America's original platinum blonde, had all those flowers sent her by William Powell on the première of her latest film, "Personal Property." Beautiful Claudette Colbert is the Puritan maid in the new Paramount picture "Maid of Salem," an exciting story of the long ago in the Southern States, which opened at the Carlton on the 18th

(ON RIGHT) CLAUDETTE COLBERT IN "MAID OF SALEM"  
(CARLTON, 18th)







## PALM BEACH HAS THE HONOUR

The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough have been flattering Florida with a visit this winter and have had several rounds of golf at the Seminole Club, Palm Beach, where the game is played under highly agreeable conditions. The Duchess of Marlborough's hot-weather golfing outfit was definitely good value, and the Duke's béret easily caught the eye, too

WE are assured of a temporary lull, at any rate until the middle of March, in the controversy regarding the Association of European Golf Unions, that to a certain extent started in this column. The executive committee of the English Golf Union have now met and, after considerable discussion, decided that, in principle, they are in favour of joining the proposed association. They have been careful, however, to stipulate that they must first of all assure themselves that they approve of its constitution, and intend to appoint a small sub-committee to look into the matter. This will examine the draft constitution that has already been drawn up, and any objections it may have or changes it may desire will be sent along to Herr Henkell in Germany.

Meanwhile, any of the other thirteen countries represented at the original Luxembourg meeting who decide that they may join will be doing the same. All the proposed alterations will then be considered at another meeting at Luxembourg, which will probably be held in October.

Joining the proposed association, it should be remembered, is a matter not for Great Britain as a whole, but for the four national Unions of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. England has already made the tentative decision described, but the other three have yet to make up their minds.

## CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST

Ireland, I fancy, will probably join, but Scotland may consider themselves too far distant from Europe to make membership worth while. Wales are wavering, and I should not like to have to forecast their decision. Whatever may happen, it is clear that the proposed association, despite its formidable title, will not lead its members into commitments of any far-reaching consequences.

A recent paragraph in the Press has brought me a number of enquiries: it read as follows—

"The controversy regarding the ideal length of the golf ball may be brought to a head soon by the introduction of a ball that goes 20 to 40 yards farther. It is the result of eighteen months of research and its 'secret' lies in a special method of winding the elastic.

"The ball is not yet on sale to the public, but a number of professionals have used it disguised in an ordinary cover. One of them states that he can hit it 40 yards farther; another, to his astonishment, pitched on the green at a hole measuring 302 yards. On a driving machine the increase in length is 25 to 30 yards."

"Is this really true?" I have been asked a great many times. I can only say that, for myself, I have not actually tried the ball, but that a man who has assures me that it does in fact go substantially farther than the present ball. He would not commit himself to any definite figure.

For more than two years I have waged war against the constant increases in the length of the golf ball. It has been, so far, a losing battle, but I am

hoping that this new ball, if only it will do all that is claimed for it, will prove to be the turning of the tide. For years people have tolerated, indeed welcomed, periodical "improvements" in the ball, each of which has sent it 3 or 4 or 5 yards farther. In themselves the changes have been scarcely noticeable, but taken over a period of years the difference is remarkable in the extreme. If only a similar difference can be achieved suddenly in the space of a day—as it will be achieved, if reports of this new ball prove to be true—then even the Average Golfer, who judges the merits of a ball solely by the distance which he personally can hit it, must see the true folly of the situation. Then perhaps at last St. Andrews will dare to standardise the performance of the ball, instead of its size and weight.

My own suggestion would be a truce of, say, five or ten years, during which no further "improvements" would be tolerated. People will tell you, of course, that it is impossible to check the performance of the ball; that you can only check its size and weight, and then hope for the best. "That's what they think!" said a manufacturer to me one night in convivial mood.

At any rate, whichever side you may take in the "shorter-ball" controversy, you will probably agree that it would be to the advantage of everyone if we could make up our minds what sort of ball we regarded as giving the greatest satisfaction to the greatest number, and then stuck to it. The prospect of one man playing with one ball and his opponent using one that goes 20 yards farther is to me ludicrous in the extreme. It arises, of course, from the fact that golf is the only game in which the players do not share the same ball.



## LORD CASTLEROSSE AND EDDY GOULDING

Another snapshot from Palm Beach, where his literary lordship has recently been adding his own particular brand of wit to the general geniality. Eddy Goulding, to whom good fellowship also comes easily, is the well-known motion-picture director



## A FLIGHT OF FANCY



## THE WASPS R.F.C.'S 70th-SEASON DINNER—BY "MEL"

A Dinner was held recently to celebrate the seventieth season of The Wasps Rugby Football Club. It was at the Park Lane Hotel, and a great gathering of prominent players, past and present, rolled up—or flew up as "Mel" suggests, for the occasion. The club was founded in 1867 at a meeting in the Eton and Middlesex Tavern, by William Alford and other Old Merchant Taylors then at University College Hospital. The original jerseys of the club were in bands of black and yellow, but the present style of a wasp on a black ground was adopted in 1873

The names of "Mel's" victims are: L. to r. (top) Alderman W. A. Gibbs, past Mayor of Bromley (Old Millhillians), H. Coverdale, of the R.F.U. Selection Committee, R. H. ("Horse") O'Brien (Richmond), J. E. Ruane (Wasps). (Middle row) W. W. Wakefield, the famous English International, J. E. Greenwood, also an International and President of the Rugby Union, R. M. Swyer (Wasps) who played in 301 consecutive club games in England, E. C. R. Hopkins, captain of the Wasps and a player for Middlesex County (Bottom row) W. H. S. Cairns, Hon. Sec. of the Wasps, A. E. D. Gould, a Vice-President of the Wasps and Chairman of the Dinner, F. A. Murphy, a Vice-President of the Wasps, and O. S. Ruane, of the Wasps, who was seventeen times capped for Eastern Counties



RECENT DAYS—AND NIGHTS—  
AT MÜRRENTHE GRAND DUKE CYRIL  
OF RUSSIAMRS. CHARLES RICHMOND BROWN AND  
THE EARL OF LYTTONSIR RICHARD SYKES  
AT CORVIGLIACAPTAIN G. P. DEWHURST AND THE  
HON. MRS. HUGH DEWHURSTLADY MABEL LUNN  
AND CAPTAIN D'EGVILLE,  
THE CARICATURISTCAPTAIN JOHN BLACK AND THE  
HON. MRS. GARLAND EMMET

Mürren, like most other places which are blessed with what is voted the best snow ever, is and has been full of celebrities, and a few of them are included in the above little pictorial record. The Grand Duke Cyril is the rightful heir to the throne of the Romanoffs and proclaimed himself "Tsar of All the Russias." The Grand Duchess Cyril, formerly the Princess Victoria of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, died in 1936. Mrs. Charles Richmond Brown, who is with Lord Lytton at lunch, is a daughter of the late Brigadier-General the Hon. Everard and the late Lady Ulrica Baring. Mr. Charles Richmond Brown is heir-presumptive to his uncle, the present Baronet, Sir Melville Richmond Brown. Sir Richard Sykes, of Sledmere, who succeeded his father, Sir Mark, in 1919, was doing a bit of ski-ing at Corviglia when the camera was turned on him. Captain Dewhurst is with his daughter-in-law, the former Hon. Irene Dewar, a half-sister of Lord Dewar. Lady Mabel Lunn, who is seen with the famous caricaturist, is one of Lord Iddesleigh's sisters, and Captain Black, the very celebrated Managing Director of Standard Motors, is with Lord Portman's younger sister, the former Hon. Jocelyne Portman, wife of that popular Warwickshire personality, Captain "Gar" Emmet, who is in the Life Guards Special Reserve.





*Reproduced by permission of the  
Public Art Gallery, Worthing.*

## HARBOUR CROWD

*By*

KEITH HENDERSON





# DUNLOP FOR PUBLIC SAFETY

It is a significant fact . . . to be noted especially by motorists . . . that, for the sake of safety in public transport, DUNLOP TYRES are almost universally specified and are fitted to the vast majority of public conveyances on the road.

In like manner the new standard of hygienic luxury and comfort in coach and omnibus is mainly due to DUNLOPILLO Cushioning.



*Fayer of Vienna, Dorland House***LADY CHURSTON: A RECENT PORTRAIT**

Lady Churston, who married the present peer in 1933, was Miss Elizabeth Du Pre, and is a daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. William Baring Du Pre, of Wilton Park, Beaconsfield. Colonel Du Pre was originally a Rifleman, went to Imperial Yeomanry in the Boer War and ended up as a Lieutenant-Colonel, Royal Horse Artillery, Territorial Army. Lord Churston succeeded to the title in 1930. He was only four years old when the Great War broke out. The late Lord Churston, his father, had the enlightening experience of serving on the Staff of the late Lord Curzon during that brilliant Viceroyalty of India





Piaz, Paris

## THERE'S ALWAYS JOSEPHINE

The camera's latest impression of the one and only Josephine Baker. It shows her as she appears in the Folies Bergères revue, in which, needless to say, the exotic allure in which she specializes complements the verve and cleverness of her singing, dancing and acting

**T**RÈS CHER,—Having "tossed" my *mardi gras* pancakes with the one and only golden sovereign I possess tightly clasped in my left hand to ensure that large sums of gold will come to me, I feel that I have done my duty to the gods of Chance, and that I must now settle down to the restrictions and mortifications of Lent. One of the very dearest of my Dearest Enemies, to whom I spoke of the penance I propose to undergo, looked me up and down with a calculating glance. "Yep," quoth she, "I thought you'd been putting on weight since Christmas!" 'Tis sad how one's noblest intentions are misconstrued.

If I am honest—and I thank God that I am as honest as . . . quite a few!—I must admit that Lent (the darkest hours before the dawn of spring) appeals to me, because of the contrast of its dull, grey days with those happiest and pleasantest of all holy days—Easter. I rarely make plans far ahead, but this year I find I am, if not actually "planning," at least day-dreaming about the holidays. There have been so many *invitations au voyage* on my breakfast tray recently; so many beautifully illustrated "folders" from travel bureaux and railway companies, and so many of those flat, oblong baskets of mimosa and narcissi from the South, and from my beloved island of Noirmoutier, that I feel a great longing to wander. By the way, I do not find the baskets on my breakfast tray! These are lugged into the room by Josephine,

## Priscilla in Paris

who grumbles because "they all come together," and emptied into the big earthenware jars that stand on the terrace just outside my windows. The scent of the mimosa is too strong, when there are masses of blossom, to keep in the house, and thus I look at my sooty, but already budding, Paris garden through a green and golden hedge that smells of the South and of its sunshine . . . and Easter seems to be just round the corner. I think that this year I shall go first to Noirmoutier and then snail down the coast with my dear old car and my dear young dog to St. Jean de Luz, there to meet my stable mate, who, poor bone-winner, has no time to waste dawdling along the high roads of our *belle France*.

Friends who live there and friends who stay there tell me that St. Jean de Luz is one of the most delightful places on earth since the Garden of Eden got lost in the wash. My golfing pals vaunt the links . . . and I don't like to tell them that this leaves me cold, as I do not happen to be an adept at the Royal-and-Ancient; my swimming dittoes tell me that the swimming there is the best along the coast, and that the breakers do not spoil sport as they do . . . elsewhere (Noirmoutier, of course, excepted). This delights me, and yet leaves me cold also . . . *at this time of the year!* What appeals to me about the place is the combination of sea-and-mountain. My lordandmaster loves climbing as much as I hate it, and though he alludes to the *Basses-Pyrénées* as "ant-hills," he will be able to eliminate a few unwanted kilos scaling them, while I shall be able to accompany him, almost stride for stride, without giving my celebrated imitation of an asthmatic pug-dog, as I do when I try to hike up to the peaks of the "High" Pyrenees.

Meanwhile, I try to keep fit with the daily a.m. jerks and an occasional night on a good dancing-floor. Twice in six days have I put on my best bib and tucker to join the *Gardenia* revels "*chez Josephine Baker*." Her night club being the place to go to at the moment, it follows that *le beau monde*—and certainly the term applies to our flower-friends—gave two big parties there this week. One was just a champagne-and-sandwiches affair; but on Thursday, the "*Nuit Hawaïenne*" was the whole bag of tricks.

The place was beautifully decorated, and there were quite lovely costumes. "Joe" received her guests with all her usual charm, and danced and sang in the manner that has endeared her to Paris. Since the Dolly Sisters, we have had no one who, like Josephine, gives herself heart and soul to all she undertakes. This is the time of year when there are midnight charity performances almost every week . . . and "Joe" does her bit at all of them, whether or no she has to appear at a *matinée* performance next day. No lesser star ever deputises for her at her night-club, and her understudy at



Intran

## MLLE. LINE VIALA

The very attractive young actress whose performance in M. Salacrou's play, "*Un Homme Comme Les Autres*," at the Théâtre de l'Œuvre, has brought her a mass of congratulations. Musicians selfishly regret that Mlle. Line Viala prefers the stage to the concert platform, for she plays the piano brilliantly

the Folies Bergères is growing mushrooms in her make-up box. I had another night out (but on this occasion my frock had a back to it and my old man's tie was polka-dotted) when we lads and lasses of the Press gathered at the balcony bar of the A.B.C. music-hall and (Lent hadn't begun then!) enjoyed a gorgeous Viennese supper, winding up with *Apfel-Strudel* in which I can eat but can't pronounce. This was to celebrate the return of the Schwartz Sisters, Emy and Lili, who are cleverer, prettier, gayer and nicer than ever. Rumour hath it that they also are to open a night club, and this is good news!

PRISCILLA,



WHISTLE? AND HOW!



WILLIAM KENDALL AND ELSIE RANDOLPH



ELSIE RANDOLPH, JACK BUCHANAN, AND JEAN GILLIE



SOME OF THE SCENERY IN THE FILM  
"THIS'LL MAKE YOU WHISTLE"

This'll make you whistle—unless you've been "Hobday-ised"! It is the film version of Jack Buchanan's show and it raises the highly unusual position that you can see our old friend Jack Buchanan in the flesh at Daly's and on the screen in the same show at the Empire, almost next door. You can see quite a lot of other people in the flesh as well! The show is a hectic farce in which Jack manages to get himself engaged to two girls simultaneously, and on top of that the French police believe him to be a crook. What with one thing and another, he has quite a busy day of it. The film version was directed by Herbert Wilcox and Elsie Randolph completes a well-established and highly successful partnership



MIKI HOOD AND BUNTY PAIN



## ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By J. B. PLATNAUER

Pre - Coronation  
House-WarmingETON GOES OPERATIC:  
MARY LAWSON WITH  
RIVAL PRIMA DONNAS,  
GITTA ALPAR AND BINNIE  
HALE(BELOW) HUNGARY GOES  
RHAPSODISINGBINNIE  
HALE AND  
HEARTY

CORONATION theatrical revels in the year Edward VII. came to the throne would, no doubt, have stressed the glory of Empire,

the triumph of big business and three cheers for the Red, White and Blue. To mark the start of George V.'s reign, though a decade further removed from the By-jingo-if-we-do of Diamond Jubilees and Victorian assertiveness, the Imperial note would still be there, plus a shade of defiance for the mail-fisted Kaiser. Coronation whoopee in our neo-Georgian days has less excuse for being patronising to Colonials and big-brotherly towards Dominions. Only a Noel Coward could interpret the faintly-whispered patriotism of our times—and *Cavalcade* has already been written.

Future historians may find it indicative of something or other, apart from the M.P. author's well-known aversions, that the Cochran Coronation Revue of 1937, *Home and Beauty*, features Hungary, tilts at the League of Nations, Stafford Cripps, and the King's Proctor, and has no grand finale of Motherland and daughter-Dominions in beflagged deshabelle. Once upon a time there might have been a Coronation comedy by Gilbert and Sullivan. Now it's by Herbert and Sullivan—and Brodsky.

Mr. A. P. Herbert's book and lyrics are English enough. He doesn't even give a sop to Scottish susceptibilities. He says England, and means it, while likening her to (a) an old harp with new strings; (b) a giraffe, "all wrong but nobody can change her." As for the Coronation, there is an effective scene in "the tapestry room" of Mulberry Moat, ancestral home of the Earl and Countess of Mulberry, with dim Plantagenet and Tudor figures gliding ghostlike between Gothic pillars and the crowning of a symbolic king in a land where—

*"Parliament is more than Prince,  
And still the King is King."*

The action takes place at Mulberry Moat, stately home (and all that) of the Earl and Countess of Mulberry (Norman Williams and Norah Howard). His lordship prefers his home and the beauty of his guests at a week-end house-party to politics. Nothing will induce him to return to the Cabinet—not even the threat that the Premier is motoring over from "Slackers" to fetch him.

The house-party idea is more adequate than most that do duty as themes of revue. Guests include prima donna Julika Kadar (Gitta Alpar) and her picturesque retinue from Budapest; rival operatic film star Rose Mellow (Binnie Hale), who, like Grace Moore, comes from Covent Garden and Hollywood;



RODASSI CHASIDOS AND GITTA ALPAR

GENT'S  
NATTY  
HAT AND  
CORONATION CLOAK  
AS NOW WORN BY  
EDWARD MALLOY,  
WITH OTHER FASHION  
NOTES FROM HUNGARY





Sir James Malcolm (Nelson Keys), Master of completely mechanised Foxhounds.

We follow the guests to ingeniously mirrored dressing-rooms, bedrooms, in and out of bathrooms, from chiffoned yellows, amber and gold of the beautiful dinner scene to the tweeds of a weary tramp "over the estate." Julika is always Julika. But how or why the M.F.H. of Nelson Keys becomes in turn Sir Venerable Monument (who remembers the bonfires after Waterloo), Sir Lazarus Moon (richest man in the world—forty pairs of trousers but only one pair of braces), an amorous plumber, the Prime Minister of Raffia ("peace to all nations save the detestable Jugs and people of the Chok valley"), and a farmer is beyond explanation though not of justification. The comic genius of this superb little actor is more than sufficient excuse. So, too, with the metamorphoses of versatile Binnie Hale's operatic diva into snivelling kitchen-maid, adenoidal masseuse, or acrobatic Sybil Parsnip.

The revue is divided into two parts, twenty-seven scenes altogether, and the *dramatis personæ* and list of "events" covers nine pages of programme. Given such good measure, it is ungracious to grumble. If one notes that Part I. is better entertainment than Part II., it is because the lapses from a high standard occur only in the second half.

With so much to select from, preferences must vary with the individual. Myself, I vote for two successive scenes, 6 and 7, in Part I., because enjoyment is heightened by, their contrast. In one, Julika gives a Hungarian party in her bedroom. Throbbing violins, throbbing soprano, throbbing Buda and throbbing Pest. Study in gorgeous scarlets, pinks, magentas and mauves. Paprika on the Pusztá.

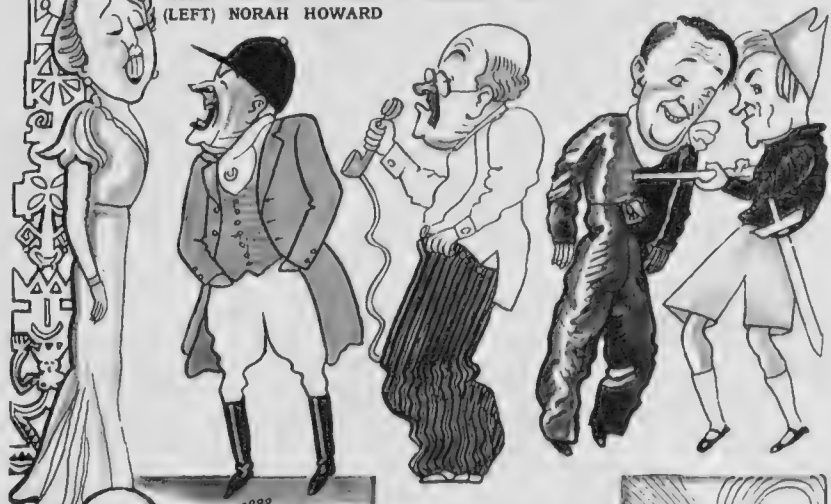
Black-out. Next scene. *Très Anglais*. Time for elevenses in the kitchen of Mulberry Moat, with Binnie Hale, assisted by cook, housemaids, footmen, Mr. Treasure the butler, plumber and plumber's mate, singing—

*"I like a nice cup o' tea with me dinner,  
I like a nice cup o' tea with me tea."*

Mr. Nelson Keys, with his unerring instinct for picking out characteristics, showed in a succession of brilliant sketches that low comedy is much more than a mere change of wigs. Miss Gitta Alpar's coloratura lent an operatic quality not usually associated with revue, and Miss Binnie Hale vied with her in voice while, not handicapped by language difficulties, excelling in audibility. In lesser rôles, Mr. Norman Williams as the Earl, Miss Norah Howard as his Countess, Miss Mary Lawson lending *chic* to an Eton suit, and Miss Sepha Treble gave more than adequate support. The lighting and colouring are a joy to those who note these things with a critical eye, and the music, whether Hungarian or home-grown, well worth hearing in Coronation or any other year.



(ABOVE AND BELOW) SAME MAN, DIFFERENT WIGS: SEVEN STUDIES BY NELSON KEYS. (LEFT) NORAH HOWARD







## WHEN THE MIGHTY RELAX—IN BERLIN

Frau Goering, the former Fräulein Emmy Sonnemann, Der Führer, Herr Hitler, Dr. Goebbels, the Minister of Propaganda, a portfolio for which we have no counterpart in England, and General Goering, our Prime Minister's opposite number. The occasion was the concert by the Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Furtwängler in aid of the Winter Relief Fund

THE Coronation Year polo season is a bit of a way off at the moment, but I think we may take it that, even though we have no International contest on hand, it will be a pretty good one. His Majesty's interest in the game has not, perhaps, been as much publicised as might have been desirable, but it is there all the same, and it is hoped that both the King and Queen may be present at the finals of some of the principal tournaments. The King presented the Duke of York's Challenge Cup for competition between the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force as long ago as 1928, and in 1927, when he was coming back from the Australian tour in H.M.S. *Renown*, played in the winning naval team in Malta in a cup named after the ship. In this connection, I do not know at the moment whether we shall see a Navy side going for the Inter-Regimental this year, as last season's good team is somewhat scattered.



MISS GUILA BUSTABO AND HERR FRITZ ZWEIG  
AT COVENT GARDEN

The above was taken at a rehearsal of the Beethoven Violin Concerto which Guila Bustabo played at the concert on Sunday, February 14th, where she was conducted by the famous Fritz Zweig. The sixteen-year-old musical prodigy from the U.S.A. won golden opinions from the cognoscenti for her rendering of one of the most famous concertos in the history of music

À propos this, a recent line under a picture of the captain of last year's side; I understand, may have conveyed a wrong impression, because it was said that the Navy "virtually won it." Lord Louis Mountbatten wrote to the *Tatler*: "Whilst appreciating that this is intended as a compliment to the Navy, I would like to point out that this statement is not fair to the 12th Lancers, who won the tournament by 6 goals to 4, nor to the Navy team, who have never disputed the undoubted and well-deserved victory of the 12th Lancers team."

What was meant, of course, was that up to the time of the accident to Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale, in which his leg was fractured, the Navy were running away with it, and it seemed impossible that they could be caught. I hope this puts things all ship-shape?

\* \* \*

As might only be expected, the £400,000,000 loan for more guns and gunpowder has set any amount of tongues wagging, and also intensified the spy mania, which has been fairly prevalent for some time past, and always breaks out anew when people talk of war. It has been thus ever since "Polly Carey" played the Russian spy at the time of the Penjdeh incident, when a Russian army

## Pictures in the Fire



AT THE PERRY—VINES MATCHES AT PALM BEACH, FLA.

The Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Adare, the former Miss Nancy Yuille, of New York, and Mrs. Jay O'Brien arriving at the Everglades Club for the matches between the two professional cracks, Perry and Vines. On last advices Vines had established a slight lead on Perry



Frank O'Brien

WELL-KNOWN FISHING THE BLACKWATER,  
CO. CORK

This group was taken at Careysville, Fermoy, and in it are Lord Hartington and Lord and Lady Charles Cavendish, who had come over from Lismore, where they live. She, of course, was that charming Adèle Astaire before she married the Duke of Devonshire's younger son. Lord Hartington, who is Under-Secretary of State for the Dominions, is Lord Charles' brother and the heir to the Dukedom



By "SABRETACHE"



AS "QUEEN JADWIGA" IN NEW YORK: MLE. IRENA WANKOWICZ WITH HER PARENTS

M. Witold Wankowicz is Counsellor of the Polish Embassy in Washington. His daughter, Irena, appeared as "Queen Jadwiga" at a ball given by the Kosciuszko Foundation in New York and brought history to life in very attractive fashion



A STAR PERFORMANCE: THE BRITISH BOBSLEIGH TEAM

The British bobsleigh team steered by F. J. McEvoy has been doing wonders. It has collected the four-man bob world's championship, the Argentine Cup and the Bobsleigh Derby, the latter with an aggregate of 5 min. 6'9 sec. Mr. McEvoy is an Australian; he is seen on the shoulders of two rival competitors: Brian Black is second from the left and C. P. Green on the right. The fourth member of the team was D. Looker



IN THE BERANGARIA FOR NEW YORK: THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, THE HON. PETER BEATTY, LADY STANLEY, THE HON. LIONEL MONTAGU AND MR. R. E. F. DE TRAFFORD

A group in the restaurant of the *Berengaria* in mid-Atlantic. Lady Stanley, who is the wife of Lord Derby's elder son, was, before her marriage, the Hon. Sibyl Cadogan; she was an Extra Maid of Honour to H.M. Queen Mary from 1914-17. The Hon. Lionel Montagu is an uncle of Lord Swaythling. The Hon. Peter Beatty is Lord Beatty's brother

was supposed to be pouring across the Oxus and to be about to bullock its way into India as Alexander did many centuries ago. The modern spy is not a bit like the ancient one, who lurked about the place "finding out" a whole lot of things he could buy for a bob or two at any place where Blue Books are sold. Usually he is not so stupid as those "agents" who strolled aboard various ships of H.M.'s Navy during Navy Week last year. The joke about that incident was that Naval Intelligence knew that these gents were coming long before they arrived. The spies discovered exactly nothing, and, as you may recall, were escorted ashore with British naval politeness, which, of course, is the most excellent politeness in the wide world. The best type of modern spy is either someone of Mr. Claude Dampier's "village idiot" class, or the one who is cute enough to spot the indiscreet bletherer, who has been told something in strict confidence, and is either too tight or too much of the climber type to be able to refrain from

bucking about it, under the impression that it may add an extra cubit or so to his insignificant stature. The good spy is the chap who can make contacts, and lie up alongside the bletherer, and then sift the grain from the chaff of his or her dribblings. This is how some of it is managed; but, even so, Intelligence usually contrives to get to wind'ard of it. It is done by the negative information method; that is to say, supposing it is established that there are only four possible leakage-points, A, B, C and D: if A, C and D have been tested as water-tight, which is not very difficult, it is a monkey to a maroon on B.

After "Kim" was published, a good many people were convinced that Kipling was employed by the Secret Service, because he seemed to know all about the old cove who had the curio-shop on the Simla Mall, and the Lama who was S.S., and "Strickland Sahib," and so many more who were mixed up in The Game; but, having been around and about at

(Continued on page 214)



SALMON-FISHING ON THE UPPER TEIGN: MR. R. A. McCAY  
Salmon-fishing opened on the Teign on February 1. Mr. McCay hails from Co. Cavan in Ireland, but he is an habitué of the Teign. Exceptionally high water induced some fish to run early in the Teign this year





#### AT THE "1795 PERIOD" DANCE AT ADMIRALTY HOUSE, SIMONSTOWN

The officers of H.M.S. *Amphion* and their wives who danced in the minuet on the lawn at midnight at the 1795 period ball which was given by Admiral Sir Francis Loftus Tottenham, Commander-in-Chief of the South African Station, and Lady Tottenham at Admiralty House, Simonstown, the base of the South African Squadron



MR. AND MRS. H. E. PRESCOTT : THE C.-IN-C.'S  
FATHER AND MOTHER-IN-LAW



MRS. J. STROTHER-STEWART, WIFE  
OF THE CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE  
GOLD COAST



MISS JOAN STREET AND SIR FRANCIS  
AND LADY LOFTUS TOTTENHAM



(LEFT) CAPTAIN EGERTON  
(H.M.S. BRIDGEWATER)



(RIGHT) CAPTAIN BURNETT  
(H.M.S. AMPHION)

Photos. by Smith, Cape Town

This ball, given by the Commander-in-Chief of the African Station and Lady Tottenham, was very rightly voted the smartest thing that has happened south of the line in years, and—as the Navy would—was done with the customary spit and polish where kit and all else were concerned. H.E. the retiring Governor-General of the South African Commonwealth and Lady Clarendon graced the occasion, and, as will be observed, it was backed up from far and wide, the wife of the C.J. of the Gold Coast being amongst the "distant" visitors. Captain Burnett, the Admiral's Flag Captain, is seen busy with a spot of snuff, and Captain Egerton is giving a masterly imitation of a 1795 bo'sun—pipe and all complete





**W**inter All But Gone, Welcome Spring with a New Ford V-8 "22," just as fine a car as its bigger sister, but attractively less costly to buy, run and maintain. Roomily comfortable, finely equipped, excellently finished, inside and out, it charms passengers and driver equally, because "every seat's a front seat" in restful ease. Ford Dealers Revel in Revelation of the Wonders of Ford Production-Resources.

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## THE SCARTEEN—THE FAMOUS “BLACK AN

By LIONEL

The famous hunting artist was very lucky in his choice of a frame for his most attractive picture and also in the selection of so typical a bit of the fine country over which the Scarteen hunt. A brace of stone-faced banks flanking the country road, and old Biddy Malone or, maybe, Mary Kate Dugan in her ass-cart getting a view which many would almost give their eyes to see! “Big and safe” is the official description of the general contours, the stone-faced obstacles you see plus the stock Irish banks and ditches, which sometimes prove a sore trial to the visiting stranger. It is quite true, nevertheless, to say “the bigger the safer,” for it is the narrow, razor-topped banks that do be “after” causing so much disaster. The big honest-to-goodness banks that





## TANS' CROSSING THE LIMERICK BANKS

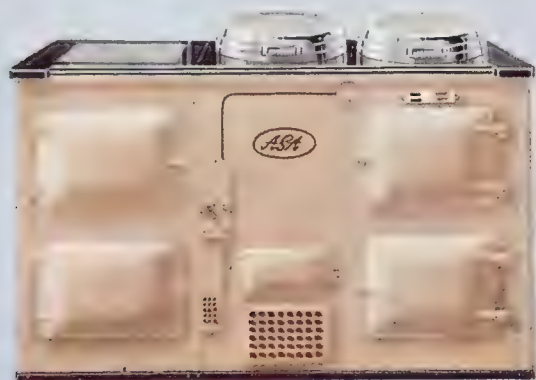
EDWARDS, R.I.

let a horse charge on top of them may look worse but are perfectly safe when you know them and have mastered the trick of how to cross them. The whole atmosphere of Mr. Lionel Edwards' picture is so excellent: a grey, soft day with only too obviously a stinging good scent, and the Scarteen bitches are plainly revelling in it and carrying a great head. These hounds are pure-bred Kerry, as were the original pack that Sir John Power took to Kilkenny in 1797, and they have been in the Ryan family for over 200 years. They are stated to be only 23 inch, but these bitches in the picture look all that and a bit. However, it is always hard to tell unless you see them on the flags, and put the stick over them





"THE HEALTH OF THE BRIDE" by STANHOPE FORBES, R.A. Stanhope Alexander Forbes was born in Dublin on November 18th, 1857. He studied painting at the Lambeth School of Art, the Royal Academy Schools, and at the atelier of M. Bonnat in Paris. He was elected A.R.A. in 1892 and R.A. in 1910. Among the paintings which he has exhibited at the Royal Academy are "The Village Philharmonic," "By Order of the Court," "The Salvation Army," and "The Quarry Team." "The Health of the Bride," painted in 1889, is reproduced by permission of the Trustees of the Tate Gallery.



**T**he Health of the Bride! . . . Long Life and Prosperity: A Happy Family: Peace Below Stairs! When, nowadays, we drink a toast to the bride, our unspoken good wishes are probably much the same as those which wedding guests pledged fifty years ago. But perhaps they have a fairer chance of fulfilment. Most marriages to-day are no less happy and, though modern families may be smaller, they are sometimes better off for that. As for peace below stairs, even this ideal is still less rare than some people like to make out. Look, for instance, into any kitchen with an Aga. There you will find the contentment of *realised* well-being—a better foundation for good service than the Victorian servant's negative acceptance of her "home." Clean, compact, capacious, the Aga never needs re-lighting; daily it multiplies its blessings while cutting fuel costs to a mere five pounds a year. Fortunate indeed the bride whose presents include an Aga cooker or an Aga boiler! Her married happiness is doubly founded—on the assurance of a well-fed husband and a beaming cook.

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# THE SANFORD-PANSA WEDDING AT PALM BEACH, FLORIDA



MRS. "LADDIE" SANFORD AND THE  
RT. HON. F. E. GUEST



CAPTAIN ALI MACKINTOSH  
AND MRS. O'BRIEN



LORD ADARE AND  
MRS. JOHN RYAN



MLLE. DONINE DE SAINT-SAUVEUR  
WITH MR. E. VOULES



DONNA GUIDO BRANCA, LORD SEFTON,  
AND MRS. WOOLCOT BLAIR



MR. D. HUNTER WITH SENORA  
ANTENOR PATINO



SISTERS: MRS. DODGE SLOANE  
AND MRS. SEYBURN

Miss Sarah Sanford, who is a sister of Mr. "Laddie" Sanford, was married recently to Signor Mario Pansa at Palm Beach, the Florida playground of American society. Her sister-in-law was Matron of Honour; she is seen with Captain "Freddie" Guest, Lord Wimborne's second brother, who is a former Secretary of State for Air. Captain Ali Mackintosh was staying at Mrs. O'Brien's house. Mrs. Ryan's house-party for the occasion included Lord Sefton, who is seen with Mrs. Woolcot Blair. She is Lady Adare's sister; they are daughters of Mr. Thomas B. Yuille, of New York. Senora Patino was, before her marriage, Princesse Marie-Christine de Bourbon. Mrs. Dodge Sloane and Mrs. Seyburn are daughters of the founder of the famous Dodge Motor Company; Mrs. Sloane gave a dance at her lovely Palm Beach house in honour of the bridal pair a few nights before the wedding



MR. WOOLCOT BLAIR  
AND LADY ADARE



# BUBBLE AND SQUEAK



A MEMBER OF THE GOVERNMENT "FITNESS" COUNCIL: MISS PRUNELLA STACK

Miss Prunella Stack is Leader of the Women's League of Health and Beauty. She has been invited to serve as a Member of the proposed National Advisory Council for England and Wales which will discuss plans for the development of the Government's physical fitness scheme

THE vicar had at last, after many efforts, persuaded old John, the village reprobate, to mend his ways. The old man was as good as gold for a time, and then one day the vicar, walking through the village, found his reformed character standing outside the local inn, very much the worse for liquor.

"Oh, John," said the vicar in bitterly disappointed tones, "you promised me that you would mend your ways. You certainly did for a time, but now I can see no difference at all."

"That's all right, shir," said the drunken one, blissfully, "Haven't ye heard o' invisible mendin'?"

A woman motorist ran into the back of a motor lorry. It was a case of bad driving, but not wishing to admit it, and lacking the courage to shift the blame on to the lorry driver, she said to him: "I can't understand how it happened; I was driving properly."

The lorry driver turned to her and, with withering scorn, replied: "Madam, there's only one thing women drive properly—and that's men barmy."

at once fascinated by the largest rocking-horse he had ever seen. With great glee he climbed on its back, and nothing his father could say or do would get him off.

Assistants, buyers, and even the head of the whole store argued with him in vain. He wanted the rocking-horse, and nothing would shift him.

At length, in desperation, they sent for a psycho-analyst. Much to the surprise of everyone, he walked up to the small boy, whispered something in his ear, and the child obediently climbed down and went off with his father. The father was frankly amazed, and when they got home told his wife all about it.

"It only shows how clever these chaps are," he said, "and how they understand the child mind. Just fancy, my dear, no one else could move him. We might have been there still."

Then, turning to his son, he asked: "By the way, son, what was it the gentleman said to you?"

"He just said 'If you don't get down at once I'll break your——neck,'" answered the boy with obvious relish.

A small boy was celebrating his birthday with a party in the garden. He had a quarrel with one of his friends, Billy, however, and did not invite him to the party. His mother insisted that Billy should be invited, and finally prevailed upon her son to do so.

The little host called upon his former friend.

"Will you come to my garden-party tomorrow?" he asked.

"It's too late now," answered Billy; "last night I prayed for a blizzard."

Mr. Brown was going away on business. "And if I find I have to stay more than one night," he told his wife as he drove off, "I'll send you a telegram."

"You needn't bother, James," replied his wife coldly, "I've read it already. I found it in your coat pocket last night."

"My friends," said a village churchwarden, addressing a meeting of parishioners, "you know our dear Vicar will shortly be leaving us to take up work in another parish, and therefore I propose we take up a collection to give him a little momentum."

A small boy of about seven, was taken one Christmas to the toy department of a big London store, and was





## NERVES CRACKING FAST . . . .

Rushed off her feet. Such a bewildering multitude of activities. Such a huge crowd of really pressing engagements. So many people--all of them with claims on her time. If only the telephone bell were a little less insistent! If only she could snatch an hour of perfect repose--an interval of unbroken quiet in which to relax her tired nerves and gather fresh courage for this evening's party! Well, why not? A few minutes' drive will take her to the doors of the Elizabeth Arden Salon . . .

## TIME OUT FOR BEAUTY BATH

Once past the threshold, her mood changes. She might be entering a completely different universe--so soothing is the atmosphere of those quiet rooms. First, twenty-five minutes in an Ardena bath draws out the impurities from her skin, chases away fatigue, leaves her ready for the shower and body massage by which it is followed. An Ardena manicure restores the loveliness to hands and nails; while a Sensation Salve Treatment gives back to her face the freshness and firm contours of early youth . . .



## BACK TO PEACE, POISE AND LOVELINESS . . . . .

Equal to any situation--ready to cope with any social emergency--she receives her guests, conscious as she does so that she is the focus of all eyes, yet prepared to meet the most ruthlessly critical glance. Her skin is smooth--matt finished with Japonica powder. Her eyes are bright--made glamorous with Eye Shado and Cosmetique. Her lips and nails the final brilliant accent--the newest Elizabeth Arden lipstick and nail varnish. In every movement--every smile--there's charm and vitality.







## RACING IN FLORIDA

Captain "Bill" Clyde and Mrs. Charles Reed, a well-known New Yorker, at Hialeah Park, where forty-five days racing makes a meeting. Captain Clyde is A.D.C. to Captain the Hon. Sir Bede Clifford, Governor and C.-in-C. of the Bahamas

finding life too rough in the outposts of Empire.

Flying-boat and car take you to Miami and on to Palm Beach, that stamping ground of millionaires, at describing which the mind boggles. Suffice it to say that the cinema depiction of Nero's palace in *Ben Hur* seems to have been used as a model for the servants' quarters in the houses of the less affluent. My arrival coincided with the opening night of "Bradleys," a restaurant and casino on a large scale, which, I understand, has been operating, in a State in which gambling is illegal, without let or hindrance since 1915.

That is the great thing about living in a free country—you are free to do what you like, the politicians, police, and other gangsters and racketeers only being there to see you don't do it free. There is everything to be said in favour of the establishment as popularising the place, being run straight, taking a very low "rake-off," and doing all in its power to discourage gambling. I had hoped to see an oil magnate take umbrage at a dry goods emperor and banco him for half-a-million dollars, but I was disappointed. Women, glistening with jewels, like Lot's wife, played roulette at a dollar maximum "en plein," while at the only "chemmy" table a gentleman ran the bank fourteen times!—to win £500, a run which, in France, would have ensured him never having to work again.

Above the heads of this throng just as I was leaving I caught sight of Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, whose host very kindly asked me round for a cocktail the following evening—an invitation I accepted, to see how Cecil and his brother Arthur were standing the rigours of American resort life. Walking slap into a sheet of plate-glass as big as a cricket pitch which divided the patio from the swimming-pool, I was only temporarily held up while the motors were set in motion to lower it. Around the pool were gathered a most charming collection of people who were hospitality personified, and I lay back in comfort sipping an "old-fashioned" and surveyed the scene. On an ebony tropical

RACING RAGOUT By  
GUARDRAIL

FR O M Jamaica, my quest led me to Nassau, where my stay was so short that it didn't coincide with a meeting. The only racing contact here was with one of the foremost directors of "the blower," who, from the fact that he was bunching someone with imported carnations at a dollar a petal, with scent extra, was not

night there was Arthur picking his way along the imported grass beside the bodily-transplanted fifty-foot palm trees, to dive into the under-water-lit pool, while the radio, concealed in a huge clump of bougainvillea, crooned in a way that would have made a Trappist turn nasty. It was an admirable setting, even if a shade more exotic than Middleton, Co. Westmeath. After dinner we went to see the film of the Charge of the Light Brigade, a military blunder which it is amazing to find, after all these years, was caused on purpose by a subaltern of Indian cavalry with a grouse against a rebel rajah! Anyway, the photography is marvellous, but the film is only for those who have a sadistic complex about horses.

I was very sorry not to be able to go to the opening of the Hialeah race meeting—a festival which I understand lasts for no fewer than forty-five days on end. The new ideas and improvements on old ones might with advantage be adopted here in many cases. The judges—there are three of them—are placed on top of the stand one above the other on steps, in line with the winning-post. Each one writes down his verdict and the majority vote is taken. In case of any difficulty there is the camera which swings and takes the last twenty yards of the race, the result being displayed in the paddock within two minutes. Some of our judges take longer than this to find out the winner. The broadcasting is intelligently, interestingly, and quickly done, and the first

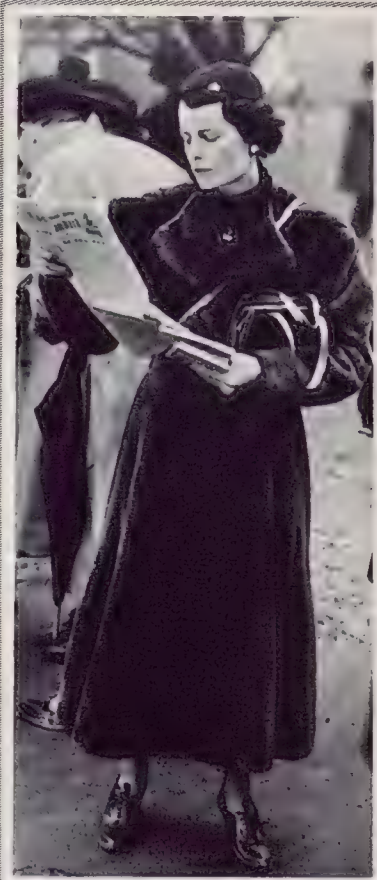
four horses throughout the race shown by coloured lights on the number-board. Some of these innovations may be rather unnecessary and, in addition, too expensive for us, but there can be nothing but unstinted praise for the idea of free drinks in the Members'



## BERT GORDON IN A NEW RÔLE

The well-known ex-jockey and trainer, who has broken more bones than most people, is one of Wroughton's most versatile and popular personalities, and can always be depended on to give full value to any part he plays. Bert Gordon is seen here as the complete *cordons bleu*, in the kitchen of the White Hart Hotel at Wickham Market; a regular *chef d'œuvre*, in fact

enclosure! Horse-lovers will be glad to hear that Mr. Widener has introduced the thin edge of the wedge for the abolition of the stall gate, by reintroducing a plain barrier for two-year-olds—an example which, I believe, is being followed at the big meetings in New York State. With its glorious climate, its hospitality, its swimming-pools, and its golf-courses, on whose fairways one could work two-year-olds and can't avoid hitting a ball that sits up like a jack rabbit, there is no doubt Palm Beach is a very pleasant place for the overworked and jaded racing-man to spend his winter holiday.



## CONSULTING THE TIPSTERS

Mrs. Gerald Gifford studying Press views on form at Lingfield Park, where the recent two-day meeting produced some capital racing, in spite of very heavy going. The most important event of the second day was the Troytown Steeple-chase, won by a neck by the favourite, Morse Code, after a rare battle with Southern Hero. Melbourne was third, a length away





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## NOW SHOWING IN THE SHIRES: HUNTING NEWS REEL



CAPTAIN J. D. PLAYER AND MRS. G. A. MURRAY SMITH AT ASHBY FOLVILLE



ALSO AT ASHBY FOLVILLE: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, MRS. VAUGHAN AND MRS. CRAWFURD



ANOTHER QUORN PICTURE: MRS. W. SWIRE AND LORD NUNBURNHOLME



WHEN THE FERNIE WERE AT KIBWORTH: BRIG.-GEN. J. L. JACK AND MRS. ALEXANDER



IN THE SNOW AT LANDYKE LANE: LADY WESTMORLAND



THE HON. MRS. PIERS LEGH AND MRS. GERARD LEIGH AT LANDYKE LANE

Though persistent rain has made many other countries almost unrideable of late, the Shires still continue to report excellent sport. On the day the three pictures heading this page were taken the Quorn gave their followers rare fun. A fox from Adam's Gorse provided a seven-mile point (sixteen as hounds ran), which included a brisk excursion into Cottesmore territory; next came 35 minutes from Ashby Pastures, and finally a very fast hunt of nearly an hour from Rotheby Spinney, hounds being stopped at dusk. Leicestershire is delighted to see the Duke of Gloucester out again, and, incidentally, thoroughly enjoying himself. Kibworth, where Fernie's met not long ago, houses several good sportsmen, but none more popular than Brigadier-General James Jack, whose Great War service brought him a D.S.O. and Bar. Mrs. F. J. Alexander's husband, Commander Alexander, has been Joint Master of the Fernie since 1932; he is retiring at the end of the season when Sir Julien Cahn takes over as sole Master. It looked any odds against hunting when the Duke of Rutland's Hounds met at Landyke Lane, snow and frost being well in evidence. Luckily, however, conditions proved better in the vale. Lady Westmorland has lately been staying at Thorpe Satchville with Captain and Mrs. Gerard Leigh.



# *Fine* FOR EVERY OCCASION . . . . .



Nowadays there's absolutely no logical excuse to be shoddy about the legs, so do be very careful and right about your stockings.

You should take the easy course. Stroll in and inspect the latest Bear Brand shades, admire their dull-lustre and perfect fashioning. It will surprise you that such *superfine* luxury can be bought from a mere 3/11 . . . it may surprise you much more to know you can pay up to 8/11.



## Bear Brand Crepe Luxury Stockings 3/11 to 8/11

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INTERNATIONAL RUGBY: THE ENGLAND TEAM THAT BEAT IRELAND 9-8 AT TWICKENHAM

The Irish match was a grand game, played in the style of true Rugger without the spoiling tactics that have reduced some recent important matches to dullness. It was anybody's game, and the Irish leading by two points within five minutes of no-side. Then H. S. Sever scored the try of a lifetime, racing down the touch-line in a sixty-yard burst and tearing his way over the line with two Irishmen hanging on him.

The names are (back row: l. to r.): T. A. Kemp (Cambridge University), D. A. Campbell (Cambridge University), T. F. Huskisson (O.M.T.), A. Wheatley (Coventry), R. E. Prescott (Harlequins), A. G. Butler (Harlequins), J. Dicks (Northampton), P. L. Candler (St. Bartholomew's

## A RUGBY LETTER

By  
"HARLEQUIN"

Hospital), and J. W. Faull (Wales), the referee; (front row: l. to r.): H. S. Sever (Sale), P. Cranmer (Richmond), H. B. Toft (Waterloo), H. G. Owen-Smith, Captain (St. Mary's Hospital), R. J. Longland (Northampton), W. H. Weston (Northampton), and J. L. Giles (Coventry).

DEAR TATLER—

IT is only fair to begin this letter with an expression of genuine gratitude to Ireland for the splendid display they put up against England, and their exhibition of the true spirit of Rugby. The England *v.* Wales match had been such a deplorable example of the game as it should not be played, that the England *v.* Ireland encounter came as a refreshing surprise. From this point of view, the result mattered not at all. The fact remains that it was a glorious game, with the result in doubt until the last minute, and Ireland might just as easily have won as England. The Irish made no secret of their intention to

play open and attacking football, and they carried out their plan from beginning to end. Instead of the dull and dreary struggle, punctuated by numberless breaches of the rules, not all of which were penalised, which was witnessed on January 16th, we were given a fast and open game which both sides played in the right spirit.

Without entirely subscribing to the doctrine that this was a lucky win for England, it

must be admitted that Ireland were practically a match for the home side in all but two respects. H. G. Owen-Smith played another great game at full-back, setting his side an inspiring example and doing the most brilliant things with unfailing success, and well as L. M. Malcolmson performed, he had to yield the palm to the English skipper. The other strong point of the English side was the forwards, who dissipated the doubts that had been expressed after the Welsh match as to their quality and had quite as much of the game as the Irish pack—at any rate, after the first ten minutes or so, when the initial Irish fire had burnt itself out. Moreover, they finished very strongly, and lasted better than some of the visitors, who, of course, are not as young as they once were.

I do not mean to infer that the Irish forwards were ever actually beaten. They played very hard and well, and their game offered no resemblance to the wretched display of the Welsh pack. Indeed, they were quite good enough to have knocked spots off a weak side, and the point is that England put up a much better show than many

(Contd. on p. ii)



AT THE RUGGER BALL: MR. AND MRS. TOM VOYCE

Tom Voyce is a very famous English forward of former years. He is seen with his wife at the Annual Ball organised by a powerful combination of the Barbarians, Blackheath, the Harlequins, the London Scottish, Richmond, and Rosslyn. It was held at the Dorchester



ALSO AT THE RUGGER BALL: MR. AND MRS. W. W. WAKEFIELD

"Wakers," in the course of his spectacular Rugby career, captained the Harlequins, R.A.F., Middlesex, Cambridge, and England. He is a member of the Rugby Union Committee. In his present career he is M.P. for Swindon, a Parliamentary private secretary, and member of the new "Fitness" Council





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One of their recent innovations is the automatic hill-holder which, coupled to the ordinary Lockheed brake system, holds the car from running backwards on a hill so that you can restart without using the hand-brake or the hand-throttle.

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RAYMOND





# TOASTS OF THE TOWN

♦ LUCINDA 1835 ♦



## Acclaimed with delight - naturally

EQUALLY natural is the fact that, in practically every Turkish cigarette-smoking country, Smokers insist on Abdullas\* even though in some cases they have to pay fantastic import duty. The reason is apparent.

HERE in Great Britain the World's best "Turkish" and "Egyptian" cigarettes—hall-marked ABDULLA—are available at all leading tobacconists at prices

from 1/- for 20 (Salisbury Turkish)  
to 3/- for 25 (the famous No. 11)

\*Especially ABDULLA No. 11 Turkish.



## NEWS FROM IRELAND, THE ORKNEYS, AND U.S.A.



Frank O'Brien

IN SOUTH IRELAND: MR. GUY MACLEAN, MR. GORDON PARTRIDGE, MISS M. CLEETON, MR. CECIL PARTRIDGE AND A 15-lb. BLACKWATER SALMON



YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD IRISHMAN DOWN: MR. GEORGE BROWN AND MR. LEAHY, WHO HAVE EACH LOST A LIMB



MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER TAKES HER WELSH CORGIS TO AMERICA



AFTER FLYING TO THE ORKNEYS: MR. AND MRS. ERIC LINKLATER AND MR. ADAM SMITH (LEFT)



MRS. ANEURIN BEVAN (EX-MISS JENNIE LEE) ARRIVES IN U.S.A.

Widespread camera activities are recorded here. From Ballinaroon, near Ballyduff, comes the picture of four enthusiastic salmon-fishers. Mr. Cecil Partridge, the famous authority on antiques, takes the Ballinaroon Water of the River Blackwater—some ten miles from Careysville—every spring, and he always invites guests to share the fun. This year the party included his son, Mr. Gordon Partridge, and Mr. Guy Maclean, a director of the well-known firm on the Great West Road. See top right for two undefeated sportsmen, Mr. George Brown, who lost his right arm in a shooting accident seven years ago, and Mr. W. Leahy, who lost his right leg at Mons. The latter never was and never will be a particularly good shot, but Mr. Brown shoots just as well off his left shoulder as he did from his right, and that is saying a packet. Recently, at the invitation of Mr. M. I. O'Connor, they were having a crack at Wexford's wild geese, and with Mr. Leahy keeping them up and Mr. Brown bringing them down, it was a grand day entirely. Notable passengers recently conveyed to New York by the *Aquitania* included Miss Constance Collier, of stage and screen fame, and the very attractive wife of the Member for Ebbw Vale. As Miss Jennie Lee, Mrs. Aneurin Bevan was Labour M.P. for North Lanark, 1929-31. Mr. and Mrs. Eric Linklater, piloted by Mr. Adam Smith, recently made the first aircraft landing on the Isle of Eday, thereby bringing the proposed Islands Air Mail Service of Highland Railways a stage nearer completion. As everyone should know, Mr. Eric Linklater is Orkney's eminent author



# LIEUT. BASHAM SQUARES ACCOUNTS

By

"SEEBY"



*He bowed politely to the Commander. He also bowed and lifted his hat to the side-boy and corporal of the watch, who were somewhat astonished.*

*Dudley Tennant*

**A**BOUT twelve years before the Great War, when England was not so broke as she is now, she maintained a large fleet in the China seas comprising vessels of all descriptions, ranging from first-class battleships down to small river gunboats.

At this time there joined one of the biggest cruisers in Hong Kong, H.M.S. *Terrific*, one Lieutenant Charles Basham, who had travelled out from home by P. & O.

Basham was then a young man of rather more than average height, considerably more than average weight and strength, blue-eyed, red-headed, with a pleasing open, if not particularly handsome face, which was generally ornamented by a broad grin. He was a useful Rugby forward, a fair cricketer, and a courageous light-heavyweight boxer who frequently won fights against opponents gifted with greater height, reach and skill than himself, owing to congenital incapability of realising when he was beaten. It was not surprising, therefore, that he was very popular with his brother-officers and was beloved by his men, whom he understood and loved in return.

Apart from cricket, football and boxing, there was one form of sport in which Basham really excelled. For those days, when the Haskell ball had only recently supplanted

the old "gutti," he was an exceptionally good golfer, and it was in this field more than all others that his soul delighted. He thought golf, dreamt golf, talked golf, and sometimes at sea he practised golf off a gymnasium mat against a canvas screen hung up on the quarter-deck.

The game was not then nearly so widely played as it is now. Few officers played at all, and those mostly of senior rank and advancing age, so the majority of Basham's contemporaries looked upon his obsession as a form of harmless insanity in an otherwise sound chap.

His scholastic and professional attainments, second in importance, in his and in most other people's opinion, to those of sport, were not on a very high plane. He was a really first-class seaman, a useful asset in a naval officer. For the rest, he had scrambled through his exams, from sub-lieutenant to lieu-

tenant, passing in navigation, gunnery, torpedo, etc., without disgrace but without any marked distinction.

An item which had helped him to some extent and of which he was not particularly proud was an almost perfect knowledge of French. How or when he had acquired this was a mystery. Some said he had had a French mother and had said his prayers (if any) at her knee in her native tongue. Some averred that he had been educated, if you called it that, at a French school whence he had been expelled. Nobody really knew, and he refused to discuss it. Such, then, was Lieutenant Charles Basham, R.N., when he joined H.M.S. *Terrific* on the China Station in the winter of 1902.

The island of Hong Kong offers many opportunities for sport of all kinds: bathing, sailing and riding of a sort are available, but the real Mecca of the true games-lover is Happy Valley. This natural stadium is an unexpected depression in the otherwise mountainous island. It is conveniently close to the harbour and here all the games of the fleet and garrison are decided. In shape the valley is something like a flat-bottomed sauce-boat. The playable part is, perhaps, 600 yards long by 400 wide. Round the outside runs the race-course. Within this are cricket, football and hockey grounds; also a polo field. Throughout most of the year one can watch all these games going on at the same time—a most unusual spectacle. Also, for lack of other space, between and through and occasionally over the various games grounds and race-course winds a nine-hole golf-course. It is not difficult to imagine that under these conditions the hazards, mainly participants in other sports, are frequent and out of the common.

It was on this course that Basham, soon after his arrival in China, entered for the Open Championship of Hong Kong. A good and keen player, it was not surprising that he got into the final, his opponent being the Commander of the flagship. He knew this Commander by repute, and, although they had never met, he was quite prepared to find him a tough proposition, a stern disciplinarian, and a person generally unpopular with his juniors (most flagship Commanders are that way), and was correspondingly desirous of taking him down a peg.

The match took place on a Saturday afternoon when all the other games were in full swing. It was an evenly contested game. They were all square after the first round (nine holes), and it was a ding-dong fight up to the seventh

(Continued on page 366)





Lavishness of fox to frame your face, and trail in a grand manner down the entire length of a suède bouclé coat. 'Creamy'-beige is the colour of fabric and fur, with a brown suède belt for contrast. From the Younger Set Coat Salon for 31 gns.



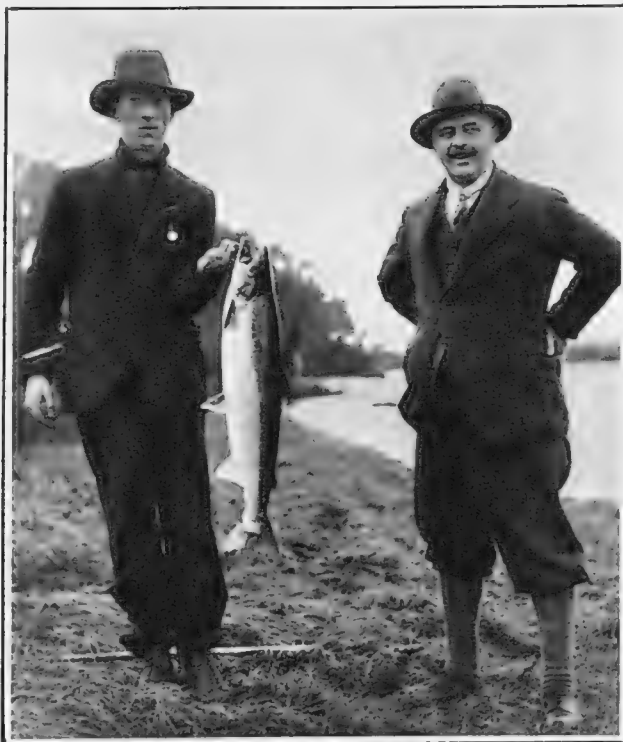
## LT. BASHAM SQUARES ACCOUNTS—(Contd. from p. 364)

on the second nine, which seventh is the longest hole on the course, 256 yards. Not long, but the room available is very restricted. Now, this same seventh is a peculiar hole. Between the tee and the green as the crow flies there occurs the corner of a football field on which play was in progress. The safe and more usual way is to make a dog's leg of it, using an iron or spoon from the tee down between the said football field and a hockey ground which adjoins it; then a mashie off to the right to the green, which is protected on that line by an artificial bunker. The Commander had the honour and took this line. He got in an exceptionally good one from the tee, had a very lucky kick, and his ball finished in a nice lie within an easy mashie-shot of the green.

Basham was nothing if not a sportsman; also he was a very long hitter. He decided to take a chance with a full drive from the tee right over the football match, straight for the green. After all, he reasoned, this was a needle match; they were all square and three to play; he thought he might just get there in one, and he hoped also that such tactics would demoralise the Commander and turn the scale of the match. The Commander saw his intention, smiled in rather a sickly way, but said nothing.

Whether Basham was over-anxious and pressed a bit, or whether the unusual hazard affected his nerves, will never be known. Whatever the reason, he topped his ball ever so little. It wasn't really a *bad* shot in the ordinary sense. It flew low but very fast, landed on the hard ground in the middle of the football game, and, on the bounce, caught the left full-back, who was adjusting his stocking at the time, a severe blow on the rump.

The Commander immediately claimed the hole. Basham was indignant and replied "Nonsense!", or a word to that effect. The Commander bridled and pointed out sharply that the rule was that if the ball hit a spectator the player lost the hole. Basham retorted that there was no such rule, and added that at home quite often in a championship match an over-eager spectator got hit by a ball and that the player certainly did not forfeit the hole. He added that the football enthusiast was not a spectator, anyway. The Commander countered that it was a local rule (well reasoned, no doubt, for preservation of life amongst the footballers, cricketers, etc.) and that it was posted up in the club-house. Basham said the Commander knew that he had only just arrived in Hong Kong, might have known he would not be up in their damned local rules, and questioned his sportsmanship. Thereupon the Commander lost his somewhat volatile temper, exercised doubtful rights as senior officer, said Basham was impertinent (which he probably was), and ordered him to return to his ship. This was extremely regrettable. Basham felt, quite justifiably, that he had a grievance, and stalked off to the club-house muttering vows of vengeance.



Frank O'Brien

## FISHERMAN'S LUCK IN IRELAND

Major the Hon. Victor Agar-Robartes and his ghillie with an 18-pounder which Lord Clifden's brother killed in the Careysville water of that famous Irish river, the Blackwater, where the salmon-fishing season has started auspiciously. Major Agar-Robartes was using his spinning-rod when he struck lucky



Paterson

## ANOTHER ARDENT ANGLER

Lady Aline Vivian all ready to set out for a day's salmon-fishing in the Conon River, near Conon Bridge, Ross-shire. Fishing can be a pretty cold business so early in the season, particularly in the very north of Scotland, but Lady Aline's enthusiasm is proof against even the most glacial conditions. She is Lord Portarlington's sister

The result of the final of the Open Golf Championship was posted up: "Commander Blank won; Lieut. Basham retired."

The Commander-in-Chief of the China Fleet at that time was a fussy little man who attached much importance to knowledge of foreign languages amongst young officers, and not long after the golf incident a general signal was made instructing any officer who was a qualified French interpreter to report on board the flagship with a view to giving lessons to the midshipmen in the various ships. It so happened

that there was nobody who had actually passed the exam. for French interpreter, so the C.-in-C. was disappointed, but had to lump it. Basham, of course, could easily have qualified had he wished, but he had been far too indolent to try; also, he was always rather ashamed of his knowledge of French.

About a week after the general signal, the C.-in-C. received a letter written in impeccable French, violet ink, very pointed, thin handwriting, and addressed from a Hong Kong hotel. The letter was signed Edouard Piccard, who said in it that he was a professor at one of the great universities of France, who, by reason of ill-health, had been ordered a complete rest and a trip round the world. The Professor explained that he was finding his expenses unexpectedly high and would be very grateful if "Monsieur l'Amiral" could suggest any means by which he, the Professor, could earn a little extra money.

The C.-in-C. was delighted. Here was a gift from the gods to teach his midshipmen. He replied courteously to the Professor, requesting him to visit the flagship at any time which might suit his convenience. The Professor answered, making an appointment for 2.30 p.m. on the following Thursday. It is necessary to

explain here one or two small peculiarities of H.M. Navy. In the first place, Thursday afternoons are invariably devoted to "make and mend," a relic of the old Navy days when the sailors used to make their own uniforms. Even in Basham's time very few of them really did this, and those few made a good thing out of it by tailoring for the less skilful. The remainder regard these afternoons as half-holidays. In harbour the watch for leave go ashore at 1.30 p.m. Those

on board spend their time in sleeping, smoking, card games, or such other amusements as may occur to them.

Another point. The Commander of a big ship is the busiest man in her. The Captain, although carrying heavier responsibilities, is comparatively an idler. The Commander rises with the lark, and is on deck to turn the hands to at 5.45 every morning, including Sundays. To him, Thursday afternoons are sacred and are dedicated to well-earned rest. After lunch at noon, possibly prolonged till 1.15 by a glass of port and a smoke, he retires to his cabin, and woe betide anyone who disturbs him before Evening Quarters at 4 o'clock.

(Continued on page xviii)



how  
to write it  
and yet  
not  
hurt his feelings?...



ever noticed  
how  
a cigarette  
will help you  
over  
this  
difficult problem?...

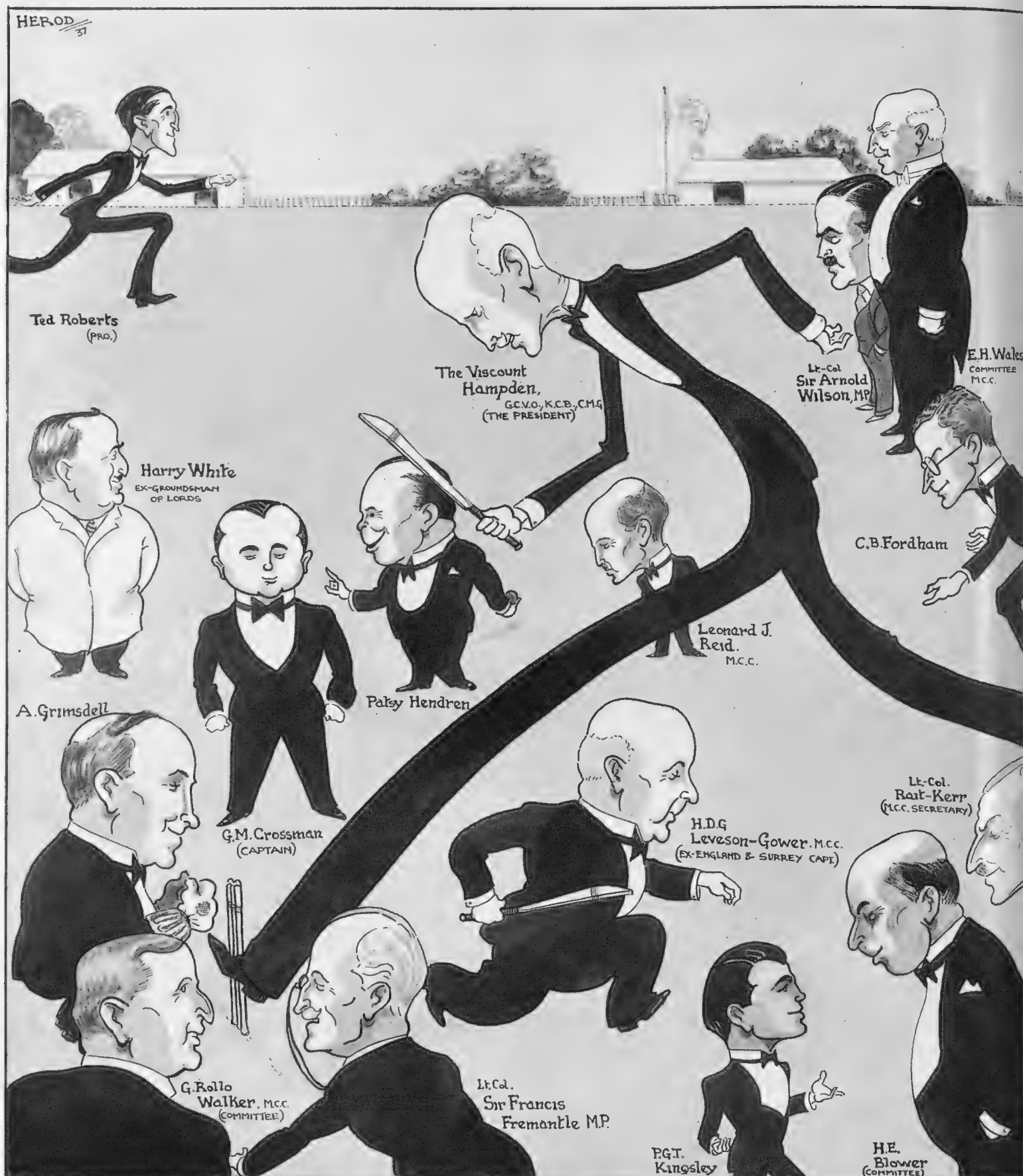


seeming  
to marshal  
your chaotic thoughts  
into  
lovely  
smooth  
easy-running phrases.

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.



## HERTS CRICKETERS CELEBRATE A VICTORY



THE HERTS COUNTY CRICKET CLUB DINNER—BY "HEROD"

The Herts County Cricket Club held a dinner to celebrate their winning of the Minor Counties Championship last year. Lord Hampden, the President, lives at The Hoo, Hitchin, in the county; he is married to an aunt of H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester. Behind his bat is seen the genial countenance of the one and only "Patsy" Hendren, whose good humour has shown itself proof against even the shafts of the Brisbane barrackers (they made a presentation to him for his behaviour "under fire," so it is said). Mr. "Shrimp" Leveson-Gower was Captain of Winchester, of Oxford, of Surrey, and of the M.C.C. team to South Africa in 1909. He has been President of the Surrey Club since 1929.





A MASTERPIECE OF  
THE DISTILLER'S ART

Don't be Vague  
ask for

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NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE





TO COMMAND THE AIR FORCE IN IRAK:  
AIR VICE-MARSHAL C. L. COURTNEY WITH  
HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER

Air Vice-Marshal C. L. Courtney was leaving from Victoria when the picture was taken, on his way to take command of the Royal Air Force base in Irak. He is not new to that hot, flat country, since he was Chief Staff Officer there from 1931-33

#### News.

**L**IEUT.-COL. H. BURCHALL, in his lecture on "Regular Air Services and National Interests," given to the Institute of Journalists, was both extremely interesting and extremely challenging. And because he was challenging, I cannot let the occasion pass without comment. Here is an extract from what he said, as near as I could jot it down: "One well-known American aircraft is almost invariably referred to as a 200-m.p.h. machine, although its cruising speed is 163 m.p.h. It is a very fine machine, but its proudest supporters will not claim that it has the comfort, cubic capacity per passenger, or amenities that are attained in the much larger British aircraft that had been in use for some considerable time before it was introduced. Yet," Colonel Burchall went on, and remember he was addressing an audience composed mainly of journalists, "you accepted the propagandist's blurb, and have always known it since as the 'flying hotel.' If I may say so, this is as much a testimony to your lack of discrimination as to British aviation's lack of salesmanship."

I think that here we cry *touché*! There is no doubt that the speed of the Douglas was exaggerated, partly owing to the way in which the maximum speed was emphasised, and the cruising speed ignored. It is equally true that it was far less like a flying hotel than the British Handley-Page machines, with their unapproached record of trustworthiness, service and safety. But was that Douglas called a "flying hotel," and was the phrase repeated so frequently because it fitted it, or because it was a picturesque and entertaining phrase? It may have been a propagandist who originally called it the "flying hotel"; but when a propagandist creates a picturesque idea—by the juxtaposition of the concepts of high speed and great comfort—he creates news, and he deserves the resultant publicity.

#### Proof.

**A**nd there is another point Colonel Burchall omitted to mention. At the time the phrase "flying hotel" was at its height, the Douglas was putting up one of the most brilliant performances in aviation history. A standard commercial machine, it was racing half-way round the world

## AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

at a high speed, and challenging special racing aeroplanes built for the event. So the Douglas itself aided its publicity manager by its own achievements. The most brilliant publicity manager must have something to work on, and in this case he had it. You could have called it the "aerial coffee stall," and the name would have stuck and echoed and re-echoed on the strength of the aeroplane's achievement.

Now let me make a suggestion, based on the foregoing remarks, which might be of value to Imperial Airways. When the oldest of those eight Handley Page machines, that octogenarian octet, has completed its period of service—already they have all done incredible numbers of hours' flying—and, heavy with honours, goes into well-merited retirement, let some ceremony appropriate to old age be held. That reminder of the machine's record will, if I am not mistaken, bring into being phrases just as picturesque and just as useful as instruments of publicity as "flying hotel."

#### Subsidy.

**M**ost interesting figures were given by Colonel Burchall to make the point that speed brings with it increased risk. The normal reaction of the human being takes approximately  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a second, he said, and in an aircraft travelling at 100 miles an hour a pilot travels 58 feet between thought and action under emergency conditions. Increasing the speed to 150 miles an hour raises the distance travelled to 87 feet, while the faster one travels the more difficult it is to change direction quickly. When two aircraft are directly approaching each other, their combined speed may be as much as between 300 and 350 miles an hour, and they will then approach each other by 174 to 203 feet while their pilots are translating thought into action. And this is provided that they both see and act at the same moment.



Hay Wrightson  
WIFE OF A FAMOUS PILOT:  
MRS. C. W. A. SCOTT

Mrs. Scott was, before her marriage, Miss Greta Bremner; she hails from Melbourne, and is a sister of the well-known Australian actress, Marie Bremner. Her husband's fine flights are well known, his latest achievement being the winning, with Mr. Miles Guthrie, of the Johannesburg flight

"For these reasons," Colonel Burchall went on, "I would suggest that our craving for speed should be curbed, and that we should not blindly follow the enthusiasts who demand speeds for which neither the country flown over, the weather, nor the ground services are

(Contd. on page 372)



A FLYING PRINCE: AHMAD, SON OF THE  
SULTAN OF SELANGOR

Prince Ahmad, who is the son of the ruler of one of the most important of the Malay States, is learning to fly at Hamble, where the course of instruction is particularly thorough and comprehensive. He is seen receiving instruction from Lord Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton, third son of the Duke of Hamilton



# This England . . .



*Berkshire Downs, near Wantage.*

**I**T is remarkable how few great painters have really captured the delicate blue-grey mists of weald and fen, the myriad greens of our woodland rides. Yet we love these things, we tramp the hills to savour them—and the artist in each one of us rejoices. But we know, too, that like many aspects of this England, these things are untranslatable. Who could convey with brush or pen the differences that lie between the golden beauty of a Worthington seen by the light of a high morning in March or glowing ruddily in a fire-lit bar at the day's close? But we . . . we know it. And cherish even that





## Air Eddies—continued from p. 370

satisfactory." That seems to me a just presentation of the case. There is much too much general screaming for speed. Probably one reason is that people find that the shorter air journeys are disappointing when door-to-door averages are worked out; but the cure for that sort of slowness is not increased air speed, but the saving of time in terminal communications.

Colonel Burchall concluded his lecture with a home thrust. He was talking about monopolies in air transport and the critics of them. "The gibe of monopoly," he said, "is anything but justified and usually comes from the critic who objects to monopoly so long as it isn't his monopoly." Altogether it was an entertaining and stimulating lecture.

\* \* \*  
Maybury Report.

Some time ago I expressed surprise that the speakers at the dinner held by the Aerodrome Owners' Association praised the Maybury Report in unmeasured terms. Since then, one of the guests who were there present has reminded me that far from praising the Report in unmeasured terms, one speaker, and a transport authority at that, gave it several nasty—but fully deserved—knocks. This was Sir Robert McLean.

I hope that someone will hammer away at the central airport idea, because there is nothing fundamentally against a central, roof airport. It is clear that the city of the future will be entirely roofed in. Town dwellers show greater

and greater reluctance to get their feet wet, and what with closed cars and omnibuses and underground railways, they already manage to keep under cover a good deal of the time. The galleried footwalk has already been seriously mooted, and that is but a step towards the roofed-in street?

Why not for once build for the future and not for the past? Why not erect a big roof airport plumb in the middle of London?

\* \* \*  
International Meeting.

A larger international meeting has been planned to take place at York in June. Last year's meeting was held in bad weather, but some thirty pilots from France, Germany, Holland and Belgium have expressed their intention of attending this year.

June 4 is the opening date, and there will be racing, aerobatics, dances, and a visit to Sutton Bank. Let us hope the weather is kind.

\* \* \*  
Fuel Economy.

The Air Ministry is taking an interest in the Cambridge exhaust gas analyser, which continuously analyses the exhaust gas and presents the results to the pilot on a dial in the form of petrol-air mixture strength.

In the past the "altitude control," as the mixture control used to be called, was used in haphazard fashion, pilots being cautioned against touching it under 5,000 feet. Later they were instructed to set it by engine revolutions. It was a crude method. The Cambridge analyser solves the problem in the neatest and lightest way.



MAKING ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE "WALRUS" BALL:  
LADY RAVENSDALE AND MURIEL ANGELUS

Lady Ravensdale is making arrangements for the first annual "Walrus" Ball in aid of King's College Hospital, which will be held at Grosvenor House on March 17. Muriel Angelus, the star of *Balalaika*, the very successful play now running at His Majesty's, is lending valuable assistance

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VERY OLD LIQUEUR.

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## A Winter Day's Forecast—



At Cannes

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French

# Riviera



ASK FOR booklets: "THE RIVIERA REVISITED" by Charles Graves, "FRANCE," "HOTELS IN FRANCE" and information regarding special reduced 30-day Holiday Tickets with 25% reduction in Wagons-Lits and Pullman accommodation; family tickets giving 75% reduction for third and subsequent persons; conditions for free transport of your car on rail in France, from the FRENCH RAILWAY & TOURIST OFFICE, 179, Piccadilly, W.1; S.R. Continental Enquiry Office, Victoria Station, S.W.1; or any Travel Agent.

**£ NOW BUYS 40% MORE!**

## A Rugby Letter—continued from p. 360

people expected. This is obvious, for outside the scrummage there is no question as to the superiority of the Irishmen. The English halves on the whole made a fair show, but the three-quarters, barring, of course, H. S. Sever and his wonderful try, left a great deal to be desired. J. L. Giles did well against a very formidable opponent. I do not know a better scrum-half than the Irish captain. Incidentally, one wonders why there was such an extraordinary delay in selecting the successor to B. C. Gadney. The Coventry man was surely the obvious choice, and one cannot help feeling that with J. D. Lowe injured the question might have been settled as soon as Gadney withdrew. T. A. Kemp had a better match than against Wales, but he is far from being a great stand-off half at present. He seldom, if ever, draws his man and passes before he need.

That the Irish three-quarter line was much better both in attack and defence admits of no doubt. Their tackling was wonderfully sound and their combination clever. They played like a line instead of so many independent units, and they had a dangerous weapon in

F. G. Moran's pace. Some of his detractors, by the way, who resented his selection must now be feeling sorry they spoke. As befitted a sprint champion he had the legs of everybody on the field, and he had also height and weight to carry him through. His first try was a perfect example of the "copy-book" type, and could not have been better obtained. The second was due to sheer pace, and G. J. Morgan had quite as much to do with it as his wing.

One cannot be nearly so complimentary to the English three-quarters. Some of their passing was dreadfully slow, and seldom indeed did it promise to lead to an opening. P. Cranmer, as usual, worked tremendously hard and was invaluable in defence, but he appears to have lost some of his pace, and those glorious cuts-through which used to shatter almost any line are not seen nowadays. Still, he is an extraordinarily useful man to have, and the England side would look strange without him. H. S. Sever's magnificent try, coming as it did in the very nick of time and giving England a much-needed lead, will be remembered for many years. He had several times been checked by Moran, who was undoubtedly faster than himself, but on this occasion he



EMULATION! CHALIAPINE SHOWS TWO SAVOY PAGES HOW TO DO IT

M. Chaliapine stands 6 ft. 5 in., and the two Savoy Hotel pages in the picture are endeavouring to reach the higher flights of song under his tuition while despairing of reaching his physical level. This great baritone appeared at the concert given at Covent Garden last Thursday, under Their Majesties' patronage, in aid of the work of the National Council of Social Service in the distressed areas

somehow managed to clear him, and it was truly refreshing to see the determination with which he set out for the line even though it was more than half the length of the field distant. Man after man tried to tackle him, only to meet with a fierce hand-off, for he was close to touch all the time, and eventually, amid such a storm of cheering as even Twickenham has seldom heard before, he scored a winning try which will long be remembered in the annals of Rugby. As Sever has now won both the Welsh and Irish matches for England, we are perhaps justified in hoping that he will perform a similar office at Murrayfield!

Next Saturday, February 27, Ireland will take the field once more, this time against Scotland at Dublin. No doubt there will be a terrific struggle, for the Scottish XV appears to be more formidable than it has been for several seasons, and the Irishmen will be all out to show that the Twickenham defeat has not shaken their nerves nor caused undue depression. England's sympathies, from a selfish point of view, will be with the Irishmen because, if they win, England must have at least a third share of the championship, for since the pilgrimage to Murrayfield is looming ahead we cannot feel any confidence that the spell of that modern Bannockburn will be broken.





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# THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

By M. E. Brooke



THERE is a wide area to cover in fashion, much thought being given to creating beach and cruising modes. Harvey Nichols, of Knightsbridge, are responsible for those pictured. The trim tailored coat on the left is made of snow-white sharkskin relieved with fancy silk to match the bathing suit. The two-piece above is of silk challis; the suit is lined with stockinette, the ensemble being completed with an ankle-length coat. The colour scheme is so bright and distinctive that it might well be termed glamorous

IT is to be regretted that space forbids a picture of a blue sailor cloth suit trimmed with white braid which could appropriately be worn on many different occasions. It conceals a pair of shorts and a striped sun-top. A decidedly new note is struck by a wool stockinette skirt and a demure cape, which are destined to be accompanied by a sun suit. They are only £2 2s. and are available in several materials. A fact that cannot be made too widely known is that a feature is made here of man-tailored dressing gowns for 49s. 6d. Some are of the new silvered cloqué and pastel shades, others of satin; naturally, there are also less expensive affairs

Pictures by Blake





## Diamond Tiaras for Coronation Year

The Coronation has created an exceptional demand for Tiaras. Mappin & Webb are specialising in their production for special orders and have a fine choice of new and attractive designs suited to the requirements of the Court. Also they are giving special attention to remounting Old Jewellery in Modern Designs. It will be a pleasure to send full particulars!

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# BRAID VERSUS SEQUINS



THE influence of the Coronation is to be seen in the fashions in the Younger Set Department at Harrods, Knightsbridge. The models portrayed show the vogue for the semi-fitting coatee. Black crêpe silk makes the evening dress on the left, relieved with touches of rainbow tinted sequin embroidery, which is also used for the front of the coatee. It is nineteen and a half guineas, while the *chef d'œuvre* on the right consists of skirt and jacket, the latter generously trimmed with gold braid. Of it one can become the possessor for 16½ guineas. The narrow skirts are slit up on one side

AN intensely interested audience recently assembled in Harrods private theatre to see the spring hats inspired by the gay colours of tropical fish, a tank of which was introduced. There were hats in hand-woven hemp from the Dutch East Indies, and in Monticello, made by natives so temperamental that they can only weave one coloured hood per person. Again there were treebark straws, shantung and meteor, trimmed with nasturtiums and hops. It was noticeable that the crowns were flatter, and that the brims did unexpected things. They took unto themselves concertina folds when forming a halo, or there were pneumatic edges between which nestled flowers and ruches; many were held by "schoolgirl" bows

Pictures by Blake



By Appointment

# YARDLEY

*Beauty Replacements  
from Bond Street  
-in demand all over the world*



In Paris, trying weather has converted thousands of smart women to Beauty Replacements of natural loveliness.

## All Winds Blow to Bond Street

Walk exultantly in the strong, fresh winds this month, blowing over the face of the earth. But first find out how to keep them from ruining your complexion. It is a secret so amazingly simple that figuratively all the winds of the world are now blowing women to Bond Street, where it was discovered. It is this: for a really beautiful skin, merely replace the simple, natural equivalents of vital elements stolen from it every day by wind, exposure, life itself! These lovely natural skin-substances are few and far from expensive. Each one is sleeping in its Yardley pot—waiting for contact with your face to awaken it to living beauty, and carry on your skin's natural functions. Have your first treatment in the Salon personally, if you can, to learn which ones you lack most desperately. Otherwise follow the treatment below for your type of skin. Find the replacements near you. Or send for the little volume "Beauty Secrets from Bond Street."



### YARDLEY TREATMENT FOR LATE WINTER

All Skins: *Liquefying Cleansing Cream*, equivalent to the non-greasy oil in a perfect youthful skin. Cleanse at night after washing with Yardley English Lavender Soap especially prepared for the complexion. All Skins: *Toning Lotion* for a morning face bath.

Creams and  
Lotions

3/6 EACH

All Skins: *Skin Food*, the nutritive elements found in perfect skins; let absorb all night. All Skins: *Complexion Milk*, for smoothing, softening and cleansing in the day time. Normal and dry skins: *Complexion Cream*, slightly nutritive powder base. (Greasy skins, *Complexion Milk*, powder base to regulate oil glands). Make up to taste with Yardley Cream Rouge, 2/-, Eyeshadow, 2/-, Lipstick, 3/- . . . Large sizes Creams, Lotions 7/6. Obtainable at the better Chemists and Stores.

FACIAL TREATMENTS USING THESE LOVELY REPLACEMENTS OF NATURAL BEAUTY IN THE YARDLEY TREATMENT SALON, 5/6, 10/6, 15/6.

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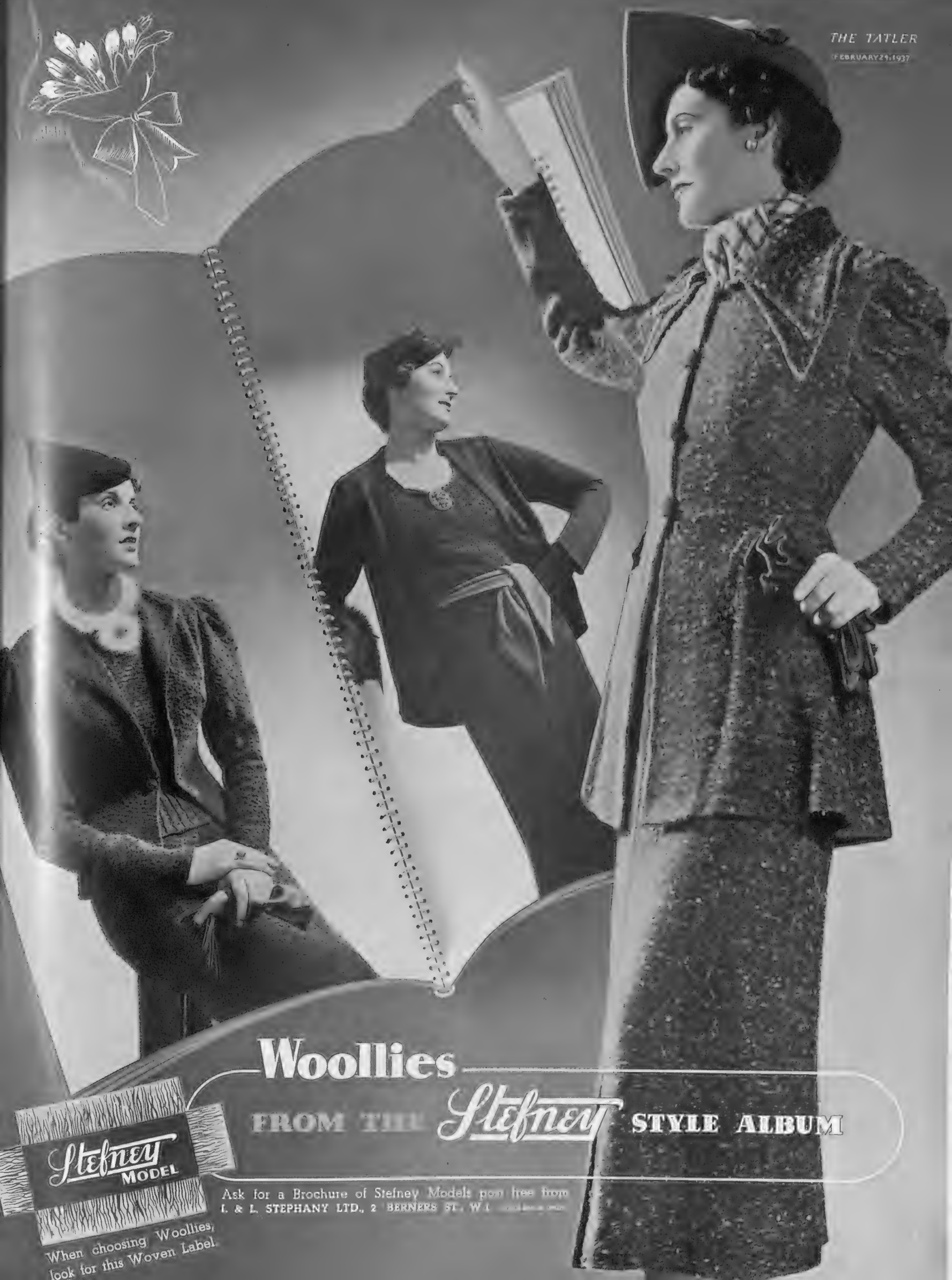


# SIMPLE & GAY



WALPOLE'S "Window" (that is to say, their spring brochure of fashion) is ready, and will gladly be sent on application to New Bond Street, gratis and post free; naturally, the name of this paper must be mentioned. They are also responsible for the altogether charming frocks portrayed on this page. The simple affair above has a white check Marcelle ground enriched with coloured stripes and dots; the belt is of petersham, the collar and cuffs being of very soft white piqué. It is 59s. 6d.; naturally, the stripes and dots are expressed in many different colours. Canvas tweed is a new fabric that this firm is using for simple frocks with taffeta collars and cuffs. In all sizes, they are three guineas. They may appropriately be worn on a variety of occasions, and the colours are excellent; blue tints predominate in some, brown in others, or it may be that unusual shades of yellow and black are subtly blended. Crease-resisting crêpe is used for knock-about deck or garden frocks, when the cost is 39s. 6d. Now with regard to the evening frock on the right, which has a surface that suggests Marcelle quilting. It is covered with a leaf and berry design, and in crease-resisting linen costs 69s. 6d. Note the graceful apologies for sleeves

Pictures by Blake



Woollies

FROM THE *Stepney* STYLE ALBUM

*Stepney*  
MODEL

Ask for a Brochure of Stepney Models post free from  
L. & L. STEPHANY LTD., 2 BERNERS ST., W.1

When choosing Woollies,  
look for this Woven Label.



# Air Pockets ★ Absent

GENERALITIES are all very well ; nevertheless, concise facts are of paramount importance. Green suède and brown calf are present in the smart shoe on the left, with welt sole and low heel. A variation of the monk's shoe is seen below it. An important feature is the strap furnished with a buckle ; in it blue kid and white buck are seen in happy unison. At the base of the page on the left is a neat crêpe gabardine step-in pump with high heel and built-up front

THE shoes portrayed on this page are Vani-Tred models. They are made on the standard American fitting system, and sold by followers of St. Crispin's art of prestige. Should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them, application must be made to John Marlow and Sons, Phoenix Works, Northampton, who will gladly send an illustrated brochure together with the name and address of their nearest agent. Among the manifold advantages is that the air-pocket which is often present behind the ball of the foot is eliminated, as there is an exclusive built-in feature. This ensures the correct distribution of weight by giving a full-length "treadbase" and causing far less strain



AS there is a decided vogue for tie shoes, a Vani-Tred model of this character appears above. As will be seen, it is carried out in white buck trimmed with tan calf. The model at the base of the page on the right is a bow Court shoe of white buck enriched with strips of brown calf. It is to be regretted that space forbids a picture of a brown bucko ghillie tie shoe with welt sole and low heel, as it is of exalted merit



NOW, although the Vani-Tred shoes are noteworthy on account of their comfort, they are ultra-smart and endowed with that air of distinction which makes a direct appeal to women of intelligence. The method of fitting is based on the realisation that a foot has just as much individual shape as it has length. The shape and proportions of the different parts of the foot must be carefully ascertained and accurately provided for if the shoe is to fit every part of it properly



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*Flexees*  
 TWIN AND SUPER CONTROL \*  
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\*

The subtle, Spring-time silhouette is idealised by Flexees. Here is the foundation to perfect, with imperceptible control, the natural loveliness of the feminine form. The bewitching bosom—raised, rounded, young . . . diaphragm flat and derriere deftly disciplined beneath a classic waistline. Curved hips and flowing thighline complete the endowments of Flexees newest creations.

*Twin-Control* if you're a Diana. *Super-Control* if Junoesque . . . but whatever your type, the exquisite fabric and superb design that are Flexees, mould it to perfection. One to six guineas at the better stores everywhere. Or a card to FLEXEES, Ltd., 175 Regent Street, London, W.1, will bring booklet and name of your nearest retailer.



## WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

## Abroad.

The marriage is to take place in Aden between Flt.-Lieut. Blair Alexander Fraser, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard N. Fraser, of Ashford Court, Ludlow, and Miss Margaret Mary Pilcher, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Pilcher, of Ras Boradli, Aden; and Lieut.-Commander H. E. F. Paine, R.I.N., and Miss Elisabeth Joan Strethill-Wright, the elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Strethill-Wright, Okehampton, Devon, are being married on May 1, in Bombay.

## An Autumn Wedding.

Mr. George Egerton Lambert Manley, the younger son of Major W. E. Manley, O.B.E., late



Kay Vaughan  
MISS GERALDINE BURKE

The only child of Major and Mrs. Denis J. Burke, of 3, Sydney Place, S.W., whose marriage will take place in London at the beginning of May to Lieut. Philip Cross, R.N., the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Cross, of The Hermitage, Totland Bay, Isle of Wight

R.A., and Mrs. Manley, of Mayfield, Horley, Surrey, and Miss Dorothy Anne Chaytor, the second daughter of the late Mr. Alfred Chaytor, K.C., and Mrs. Chaytor, of Croft, Yorkshire, are being married in the early autumn.

## Recently Engaged.

Mr. Oliver Rovert Marne Sebag-Montefiore, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Sebag-Montefiore, of 2, Palace Green, W., and Miss Henrietta Floretta Waley Cohen, the only daughter of Sir Robert and the late Lady Waley Cohen, of Caen Wood Towers, N., and Honeymead, Simonsbath; Lieutenant R. G. Windham Hare, R.N., the son of the late Captain H. V.

Hare, D.L.I., and Mrs. Hare, of Aghern Conna, Co. Cork, and Miss Doreen Ram, the third daughter of the Rev. Chetwode and Mrs. Ram, of Wentworth House, Newbury; Mr. John Curtis Wernher Eustace, Indian Civil Service, the only son of Major-General A. H. Eustace, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O. (retired), of Duncan, British Columbia, and Miss Pamela Mary Glover, the only daughter of Mr.

H. M. Glover, Indian Forest Service, and Mrs. Glover, of Ombersley, Worcestershire; Surgeon Lieut. - Commander T. L. Barry, R.N., the elder son of Fleet Surgeon and Mrs. Barry, of Carrigtwohill, Co. Cork, and Miss Monica (Wendy) Thunder, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Thunder, of Dulargy, Ravensdale, Co. Louth; Mr. Neil Herbert Perkins, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. W. Perkins, of Bayham, Arlington Road, Eastbourne, and Miss Phyllis Margery Fitzgerald (Peggy) May, the only daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel A. H. May, late Royal Engineers, and Mrs. A. H. May, of Coopers Cross House, Uckfield; Lieutenant Rupert Charles Purchas Wainwright, R.N., the only son of the late Paymaster Lieutenant-Commander O. J. Wainwright, R.N., and Mrs. Wainwright of Pendragon, Southsea, and Miss Patricia Mary Helen Blackwood, the only daughter of the late Colonel F. H. Blackwood, D.S.O., The Lincolnshire Regiment, and Mrs. Blackwood, of Pier Mansions, Southsea.



Yeonde  
MISS NANCY LAUDER

Who is engaged to Mr. Andrew Denis McNab, the only son of the late Mr. Andrew McNab and Mrs. McNab, of Midton House, Howwood, Renfrewshire, is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis A. Lauder, of Bowden Hall, Chapel-en-le-Frith, Derbyshire



Indre Shira  
MISS MARY (BUNT) MAITLAND-MAKGILL-CRICHTON

The only daughter of Lieut.-Commander and Mrs. James Maitland-Makgill-Crichton, who is to marry Mr. Vernon Chambers, the son of Mr. Robert Chambers, of Iverna Gardens, W.

## New Cream Mascara

Ends the artificial look of old-fashioned mascara!



Waterproof . . . far easier to use!



Complete  
with brush  
**2/6**  
Tattoo Ltd.

True charm now replaces the bold, theatrical look that has discouraged so many women from using old-fashioned forms of mascara.

The effect you have always wished to achieve with mascara is now actually possible! Obviously, such exciting loveliness requires an entirely new kind of mascara; one that darkens lashes without shouting "mascara"; one that does not brand its user as artificial, "theatrical" or "bold."

TATTOO Cream Mascara is just that. It goes on so evenly and smoothly its presence on the lashes is not detected. Nor will tears, rain or a plunge betray the secret . . . for THIS mascara, not being mixed with water when applied, is really waterproof! Much easier to use than cake mascara too, and perfectly harmless. Can't smart. TATTOO your eyelashes!

BLACK for brunettes!  
BROWN for blondes  
BLUE  
or evening wear

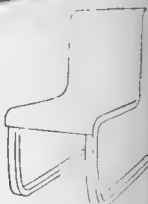
**TATTOO**

Hand-Sprung  
throughout, spring  
edges in seat and  
back. All hair  
stuffed - - £15  
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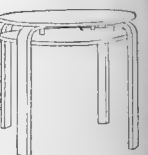


A thing of curves is a joy for ever. That is the modern idea of beauty in furniture. And a very comfortable idea, too! Take a Finmar chair—when you've finished lolling in languor you'll rise and tell the world that here is a chair to convince the cynic who says there is no deep contentment left in the world. Prices? Too, too modest ever to embarrass any person of moderate income.

● Finmar Furniture is made of first-grade Finnish birch. It comes in all types and sizes of chairs, tables, stools, trolleys, desks, shelves. Write or phone VIC 8121 for free illustrated booklet and address of your nearest dealer.



Model 21



Model 71

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FURNITURE OF THE FUTURE FOR THE HOME OF TO-DAY

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# MASTERY OF TWEED



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Tweeds . . . are one of  
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only of the finest tailor-  
ing and craftsmanship.  
To work these rich  
materials a hand with  
more than ordinary  
experience is needed.  
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the more fully to be  
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Left:

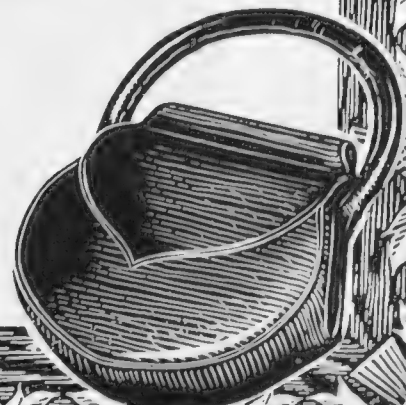
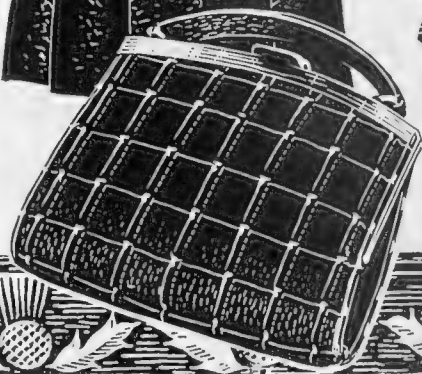
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Centre:

Navy leather bag ... 52/6

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**RODERICK TWEEDIE LTD.**



## Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 347

those material times, I do not believe that the supposition had any foundation in fact. The original curio shop person was an "agent" for someone else. His successor, a little Austrian, whose name I cannot recall, was not an agent for anyone, but when war broke out he was convinced that Intelligence suspected him and he was simply scared stiff. The S.S. never suspected him, because they knew he was not clever enough. If Claude Dampier had taken over that shop I feel certain that they might have pounced on him at once, and most probably shot him out of hand, just because he is so clever at playing the Idiot Boy. Gallant Lody would never have been caught if he had been as clever as Claude Dampier. Spies are a most intriguing study, are not they? I have only spotted four sure-to-goodness ones and they were all prize apes as spies, but perfectly charming persons otherwise.

All this spy talk may be entirely justified, because when A, B, C or D buys a bagful of golf clubs it is to be presumed that his favourite game is not cricket. *Similariter*, if any of these persons buys six, or ten, or a dozen of the best hunters in the market, you must believe that he means to have a real go, and is not intending to keep them as pets. When A does either of these things, B, C, and D are certain to want to find out why; and so they at once turn on their best gossip-



A BLACKWATER 18-POUNDER

Wing-Commander James and ghillie escorting a warrantable fish taken out of the famous salmon river at Careysville, where a lot of people are having some of the best of sport. Lord Hartington and Lord and Lady Charles Cavendish, whose pictures appear on another page in this issue, are amongst those fishing on the Blackwater, and doing very well according to report. No Irish or English river is exactly low at the moment, some of our own, indeed, are bank high

writers, or, as we will call them, news-agents. You can hardly blame A, B, C, or D for this, because at a moment when everyone is snarling at everyone else and, while shouting from the housetops "I don't want to fight!" is sharpening his knife on his boot as fast as he can, he does not encourage implicit belief in his veracity. They all think the other fellow is lying like truth, and maybe they are right.

It looks very like lies all round!

\* \* \*

The world, unhappily, has acquired the snarling habit, and you can notice it even in the individual, unless you are as blind as Bartimæus. Even amongst those hearty, rubicund, all-in-the-ring chaps, our fox-hunters, you may perceive the signs. The popular idea is that they are a bunch of laughing and gay and quite witless chumps, and that after each fence they jump, the Mayster of Game, or M.F.H., pulls up, produces his bottle, or flask, out of his pocket, and stands drinks all round to put a bit of Dutch courage into them to charge the next one in line to the front formation. It is not so! The Mayster of Game is quite as apt as are The Herr or The Signor or The Comrade to bite the nose off your face. The cause is this quite appalling miasma of naughty tempers which is lying like a wet ground mist all over the face of the world. If people gave up being as cross as a bagful of nails and too something to put their digestions in order, we should be able to buy animal crackers instead of aeroplanes.



Two hours from London there are palms and vines, a silver-sanded shore with a bay as blue in the sunshine as the waters round Capri. In a wood of pines, as perfect as any in Picardy, there

is one of Europe's foremost hotels, gay as the gayest London restaurants, infinitely more lovely and glamorous than any.

But perhaps you have already guessed the place we mean...

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Use the room day in and day out and find a new measure of health without cost or effort.

There are many designs, all made to revolve: write for Catalogue 636.

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See examples at Horseferry House, Horseferry Road, London, S.W.1



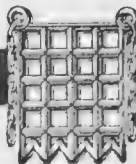
# The Man who *knows* about Gin

HERE'S the man who's reduced cocktail mixing to a fine art—from the business side of a famous bar. But *he* says it's not so much in the mixing as in the choosing. No amount of mixing or shaking with the wrong gin will ever make a right cocktail. He decided years ago that it should be SEAGERS for his cocktails. And SEAGERS it has always been since then.

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## LADIES' KENNEL

"The Kennel Gazette" for December has its usual statistics. There were 56,411 dogs registered last year; Cocker head the list with 7,772, a record; wire Fox Terriers come next with 6,542. When one reads these figures comes the usual thought, what becomes of all these dogs? For every dog registered there are at least two which are not, and one would imagine that in time these well-bred dogs would have made an impression on the dog population, but this is not so; one hardly ever sees a well-bred dog in a town or village, the same type of nondescript never appears to alter. It seems a pity a check cannot be put on mongrel bitches; which are allowed to grow up and increase the mongrel population.

Towards the end of the nineteenth century there was a great invasion of foreign breeds in this country. Doubtless many of these were admirable but they rather tended to push aside our native breeds for a time. That, and the loss of his occupation, temporarily eclipsed the Deerhound. Now the pendulum has swung back and he has come to his own again in a different sphere, that of companion. From all sides I hear of people who find in a Deerhound a perfect friend; gentle, affectionate and



MISS HARTLEY AND HER WINNING DEERHOUNDS



SHETLAND SHEEPDOG PUPPIES

The property of Miss Shackleton

received everywhere with pleasure on account of his manners and appearance. Miss Hartley sends a photograph of her winning team. They are all Challenge certificate winners, and another who does not appear has also won a certificate. As Miss Hartley's ken-

they are never snappy or in the least bad-tempered.

The charming little Shetland Sheepdog is not as well known as he should be. He is ideal for the person who wants a devoted companion who is no trouble, as he has all the Sheepdog intelligence and devotion to his owner, whom he never willingly leaves. He is also hardy and very easy to train. A member who is a busy woman but likes to have dogs about her, keeps Shetlands as she finds them no trouble at all. Miss Shackleton also has a kennel and has two puppies, dog and bitch, for sale at present. She says: "They are very healthy and full of spirits and have the best of pedigrees, champions both sides. I am not asking much for them, a happy home is what I want most. The picture is of the puppies. Shetlands are extremely pretty dogs, which is an added attraction."

Letters to Miss Bruce, Nut-hooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

## ASSOCIATION NOTES

nel consists only of eight adult hounds, seven certificate winners is not bad. She has two very nice bitches for disposal, nine months old, so just the right age to start a new life; one as a companion, price very moderate, the other will be fit to show. Miss Hartley says: "They are both very affectionate and sweet," as are all Deerhounds.

Mrs. Gatacre owns one of the best-known kennels of Keeshonds, and is also a for most authority on the breed. She writes: "I have a very nice dog puppy for sale, a very light silver grey, most desirable as a companion as he has a charming disposition and is not in the least shy. I also have a bitch puppy, four months old; she would make a charming companion and I would sell her cheap to make room." Keeshonds are extremely popular; they make admirable companions for children as



KEESHOND

The property of Mrs. Gatacre



By Appointment

KEEP FIT  
THE 'EN-TOUT-CAS' WAYBy Appointment to  
H.M. the King of SwedenSquash Court built for Lady Howard de Walden  
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Lady Howard de Walden's Squash Court (interior.)

EN-TOUT-CAS TENNIS COURTS HAVE BEEN USED FOR BRITISH HARD COURT CHAMPIONSHIPS FOR THE LAST 7 YEARS

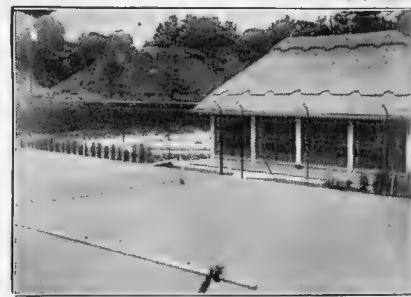
EN-TOUT-CAS are the LARGEST BUILDERS of SPORTS COURTS IN THE WORLD—858 HARD TENNIS COURTS MADE FROM JAN. 1st to DEC. 31st, 1936.



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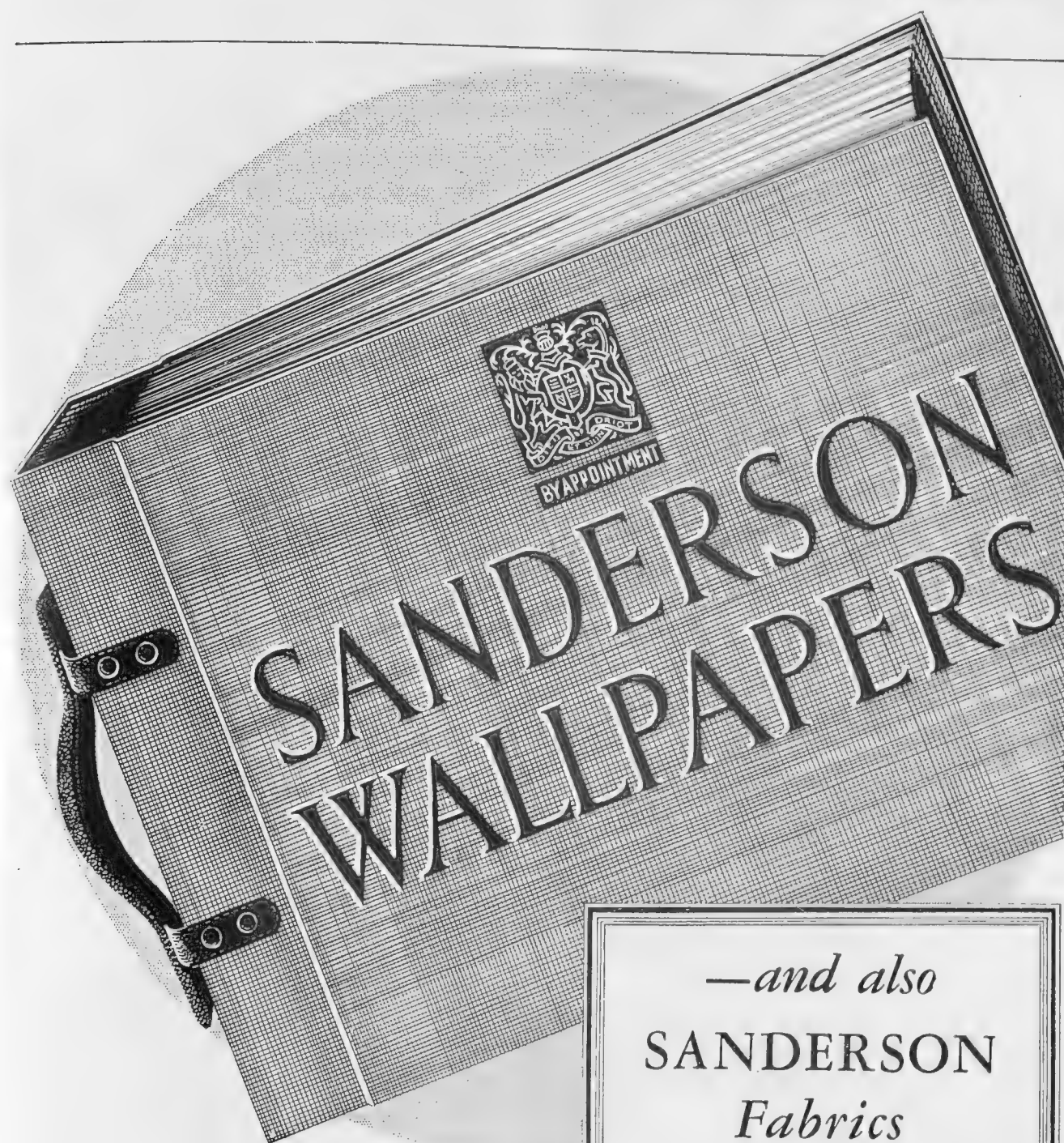
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## "Lieut. Basham Squares Accounts"

(Continued from p. 366)

One well-known Commander on these occasions used to fix to the outside of his cabin door a large red notice board inscribed in white with the words "Only in Case of Fire." Commander Blank, of the flagship in China, was no exception to this habit.

Another peculiarity about Commanders is a strange tenderness towards boats. There is a saying in the Navy that you can tell a smart ship by her boats. The converse is also true. As the Commander's promotion depends upon the smartness of his ship, it is perhaps natural that he should expend a considerable amount of energy and thought on maintaining the smartness of his boats. He buys for them out of his own pocket quantities of enamel paint, brass polish, shark-skin, brass fittings, little fancy mats and tiller-lines and many other gew-gaws. He cares for them as a débutante cares for her ball frocks. He hates to see them used except for strictly service purposes. When they are not in use they are hung up, carefully gone over, and any slightest blemish on their virgin beauty is immediately expunged.

In Hong Kong harbour the ship's boats are practically not used



It's the nutty flavour  
most people like about  
**JACOB'S**  
Water  
Biscuits



W. &amp; R. Jacob &amp; Co. Ltd.



JAMES J. BRADDOCK, WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION,  
AND JOE LOUIS

Louis had just knocked out two of his sparring partners, but all Braddock is reported to have said is: "You wait till you meet me in the Ring!" The fight, it is said, may take place in June, unless the anti-Nazi League gives Schmeling the chance which he has fairly earned. Schmeling has said recently: "I shall fight Braddock on June 3 in New York," and is en route for the U.S.A.

No one seems to know for certain what will eventuate

at all except during fleet exercises, such as "Away all boats' crews, pull round the fleet," and any similar pastimes which may occur to the Admiral in command during his blacker moments. Ward-room officers have a sampan on permanent hire. Gun-room officers likewise. Even the Admiral uses a sort of semi-junk (complete with its Chinese crew) when going ashore for recreation. His official boats only touch the water on occasions of C-in-C.'s inspections, formal visits, and suchlike.

Picture, therefore, the intense indignation of Commander Blank when aroused at 2.15 p.m. from his sacred Thursday nap by a bewildered young officer with a signal from the dockyard, "Please send boat for French Professor." He had heard vaguely something about a Frenchman coming on board to see the C-in-C., but he had never contemplated such a contingency as this. Naturally, he supposed the damned Frenchman, like any other human being, would take a two-penny sampan—the distance from ship to shore is only about 200 yards.

The Commander swore long and profusely. He could not use the Admiral's galley without permission, which was a touchy business. The Flag-Captain's galley likewise was barred to him. The only thing for it was to send his own precious gig, rouse the crew from their sleep, lower her, the apple of his eye, into the dirty, greasy waters of the harbour, completely ruin the enamel on her spotless sides, and send her to fetch the blasted Frog. The Commander was pacing the quarter-deck and still swearing when the boat returned.

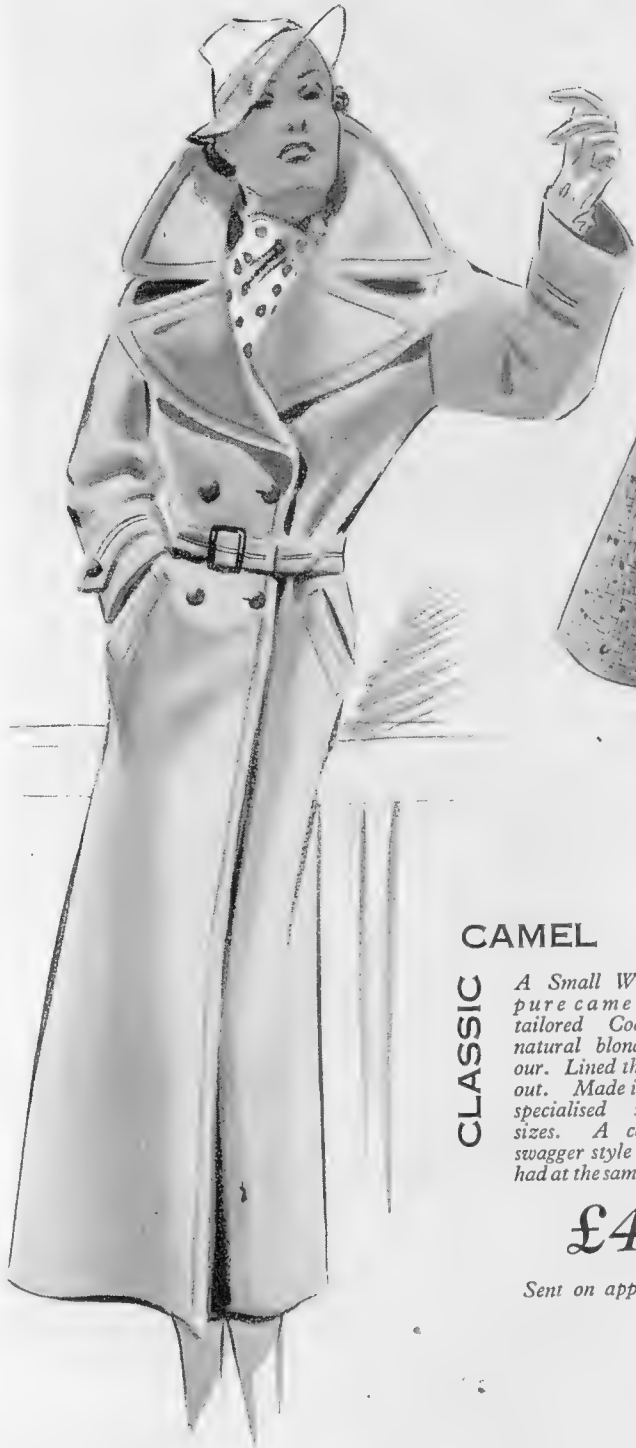
The French Professor was a resplendent figure. He had sleek, oily black hair, a black waxed moustache, and a small goatee beard. He wore dark glasses, a very French-style, shiny, chimney-pot hat, a frock coat, flowery white waistcoat, turn-down collar, and a flowing pale

(Continued on p. xx)

# Little Women . . .

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... in a New Suit from Fenwick



## LOVELY LINTON HOMESPUNS

The classic Tailored Suit in Cumberland Honespun: either broad Herringbone in Blue/White, Brown Mixtures, or large faint Overcheck on Navy.

Three Sizes 8½ Gns.

The more casual Cardigan Suit comes in a soft shadow check in Gold, Turquoise, or Envoy Red. Also in Flag Blue, Bottle or Wine Mixtures.

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## "Lieut. Basham Squares Accounts"

(Continued from p. xviii)

blue bow tie, striped trousers, and yellow button boots. He bowed politely to the Commander. He also bowed and lifted his hat to the side-boy and corporal of the watch, who were somewhat astonished. After that he explained that he had "ze interview with Monsieur l'Amiral," and was conducted by a snorting Commander to the Admiral's cabin.

The Professor remained below for about half an hour, then returned on deck with the Admiral, the latter smiling and the Frenchman talking volubly. Again the Commander's pet gig was requisitioned. By this time its owner was inarticulate with wrath.

Each day in the Navy has its uses. Friday afternoon from 1.30 till 3.30 (tea time) is given over to the more strenuous part of cleaning the ship ready for Sunday's inspection. Paintwork is carefully washed and touched up, magazine passages and store-rooms are cleaned out, and all wooden decks, especially the quarter-deck, are sanded



POLITICIAN AND PAINTER: MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD AND MR. C. W. NEVINSON

Politicians and painters have much in common, since every man's valuation of them is apt to depend on personal taste. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was photographed in conversation with Mr. Nevinnson at the latter's exhibition at the Redfern Galleries, a one-man show which celebrates his twenty-fifth anniversary as a painter

and holy-stoned by rows of sailors on hands and knees: This last is a tiring and unpopular performance with the men; the decks are always spotlessly clean, anyway; but what would you? It is just as much a sacred part of fleet routine as morning prayers or Sunday church service.

At 1.15 p.m. on the Friday following the Professor's visit to the C-in-C., the Commander was once more infuriated by a signal from the dockyard steps, "Please send boat for French instructor." The precious gig had been hoisted to her davits and carefully cleaned by her crew during the morning. Again she had to be lowered into the foul water and sent for "this blasted Frog." The Commander's language was sulphuric.

The place assigned to the instruction of midshipmen in battleships of those days was an open "flat" immediately below the quarter-deck. Tables were "rigged" there and the twenty-four midshipmen already assembled when the French instructor arrived. The lesson was to last two hours.

The "young gentlemen" were not averse to this. They had dealt with Frenchmen before, and looked forward to a jolly good rag. They were disappointed. Quite early in the proceedings one of the biggest of them, more audacious than the rest, got a clout over the ear from the Professor which made his head sing for half an hour. They discovered, too, that, for a foreigner, the Professor had a surprising knowledge of the possible uses of "Little Benjamin, our ruler" (the gunroom cane), in cases of insubordination or impertinence.

After that the lesson proceeded quietly until the holy-stoning started on the quarter-deck above. Fifty or more holy-stones rubbed vigorously by an equal number of able-bodied seamen on a sanded deck immediately above one's head make a considerable amount of noise.

At the start the Professor cocked his head on one side, suspended

(Continued on p. xxii)



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Coronet and Robe  
of a  
Viscountess  
to be worn at  
Their Majesties'  
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Dickins & Jones are now  
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A MAGNIFICENT selection of graceful furniture, period and modern, awaits your inspection in the spacious showrooms of Waring & Gillow. Meantime here is a very lovely little group that would add to the charm of many a tasteful home.

THE IMPOSING MIRROR, 38" x 17", has a red lacquered frame surmounted by a carved gesso ornament in gilt - - - £9.15.0.

THE SOFA TABLE, in figured walnut of beautiful colour, measures 23" x 4' 4" when extended £17.0.0.

THE DISTINCTIVE TUB CHAIR, with double caned back, has a walnut frame with seat covered in brocatelle - - - £14.5.0

THE SCREEN has four folds, each 16" wide and 5' 9" high. It is exquisitely decorated in pastel shades and hand tooled on a cream ground. £17.15.0

'FURNITURE OF TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW' (new edition) sent free.

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DEANS GATE MANCHESTER 3

## "Lieut. Basham Squares Accounts"

(Continued from p. xx)

what he was saying at the moment and listened. The midshipmen looked interested. After five minutes the learned Frenchman apparently decided the noise was intolerable. He sent one of the class to present "mes compliments to Monsieur le Commandant and would he kindly stop ze noise, otherwise he could not continue with ze lesson."

The grinning midshipman went off delighted. The Commander's face turned a dull purple colour and for a moment it appeared that he was on the verge of apoplexy. Nevertheless, he was in a dilemma. This "damned French stunt," as he called it, was a pet idea of the C-in-C.'s. Frenchmen as a race were notoriously touchy and excitable. Any interference with the perishing lesson would almost certainly be followed by a letter of complaint to the Admiral and dire results to the Commander personally. On the other hand, a snowy deck was essential for the Sunday inspection, and suspension of the weekly routine amounted almost to irreverence.

The Commander hesitated on the point of a flat and uncomplimentary refusal. Perhaps it would be wiser to accede. After all, his decks were all spotlessly clean at all times, the quarter-deck particularly so. It could be given an extra hard scrub on the Saturday and no doubt it would pass muster.

To the intense astonishment of the midshipman the Commander gave orders for the holy-stoning to stop. On his return the messenger was sent off again to express compliments and thanks to the unhappy Commander, who was still breathing fire and brimstone. After that the lesson went on in peace.

At 3.30 p.m. the Professor, having concluded his labours, found his way on deck and asked very politely if he could please have "ze boat." Three-thirty is the tea hour in H.M. ships, and boats' crews do not like being disturbed during their meals, nor is it customary to disturb them at such times except in cases of emergency. The gig's crew had just gone to tea. The officer-of-the-day could not regard the conveyance of the Professor to the shore as a matter of great urgency, so he temporised by inviting the visitor to join the ward-room officers in a cup of tea or perhaps a drink. He added that the boat would be ready shortly. This invitation was accepted with profuse thanks.

Now, no human being in the world is more hospitable than the average naval officer in his own mess. It is a tradition in the service that soldier and civilian visitors should never be allowed to leave in a condition of complete sobriety. The Frenchman was greeted with great cordiality by the assembled mess, and asked if he would prefer tea or a whisky and soda.

"Ah!" he said, "weesky soda very goot! I zink I try heem."

Whisky was promptly forthcoming in strong doses. After two or three the visitor talked rapidly in broken English. He told many little anecdotes at which the ward-room laughed uproariously. He seemed to have forgotten all about "ze boat" and to be enjoying himself thoroughly. The Commander was not present. After the incidents of the last two days he had felt that his digestion would be upset for a week, so he had changed into flannels and gone ashore for a smart walk.

After about his fifth stiff whisky and soda the Professor, to the surprise of the mess and for no apparent reason, suddenly threw back his head and burst into a loud guffaw of laughter. He followed this with the remark, "Oh! you beautiful damned fools," delivered in quite perfect English. Whereafter off came the black wig, dark glasses, beard and moustache, disclosing the homely features and ginger locks of Lieut. Basham of "Terrific" in a condition of extreme geniality and content. Perhaps it was as well that the Commander was ashore. Sympathy over the golf incident had been almost entirely on Basham's side. He was treated to a final drink, and, with the wig, etc., roughly replaced, was hurried ashore in the ward-room sampan. Lieut. Charles Basham had got his own back with something to spare.

Be it said to the lasting credit of the Admiral, who also had had his leg pulled pretty considerably, that he flatly refused to take any disciplinary action!



FROM THE CHORUS TO THE LEAD: LAURA GORTON

Laura Gorton is to take over the leading rôle in *The Two Bouquets* at the Garrick. Working in the chorus, she understudied Adelaide Stanley and did so well in the part that she is to continue in it during Miss Stanley's absence, due to a relaxed throat. Laura Gorton, who is 21, comes from Hull and is a scholarship student of the Royal Academy of Music.

# The New Spring Coats for Children



Dainty Coat of Aran tweed in duck egg blue with cream fleck, fully shaped skirt. Sizes 16 to 26 ins.

Size 16 ins.

5.9.6

Rising 10/- each size.

Hat to match 39/6

Little girl's navy coat for smart Spring wear with fully shaped skirt, and collar finished with blue/rose folds in silk. Sizes 18 to 26 ins.

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Spring Coat in yellow mixture hopsack tweed, with brown linen collar and cuffs. Sizes 16 to 26 ins.

Size 16 ins.

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Rising 4/- each size.

Hat to match 19/6

Suit to wear with this coat from 39/6

 **Debenham & Freebody**  
WIGMORE STREET, W.1 (Debenhams Ltd.)

# From the Sportswear Salon at Bradleys



## A new Collection of Knitted Suits

Many intriguing effects in Spring knitwear are to be seen in this collection of exclusive designs which is now ready for your inspection. The example illustrated, in a fancy purl stitch, gives a smart "tailored" line, and is finished with a ribbed tie at neck. It can be had in S.W., W. and O.S., and in saxe, light grey, cherry, petal pink, Chinese green, nut brown, navy or black.

65/9

It can be made to special measures for 15/6 extra.

CHEPSTOW PLACE, W.2.  
BAYswater 1200.





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172·NEW BOND ST·W·1—456·STRAND·W·C2

8120 "HEATHMOOR" Regd. Adaptable sports hat with folded crown. In all fashionable colours. 21/- Agencies everywhere.

## From the Shires and Provinces—con. from p. 330

this opportunity of saying that our huntsman, Jack Lawrence, is retiring at the end of the present season. A testimonial is to be presented to him, and we sincerely hope that a really handsome sum of money will be forthcoming as a mark of appreciation, both of the man himself and of the excellent sport he has shown during his fifteen seasons here as huntsman. All subscriptions should be sent to Barclay's Bank, Chipping Norton.

It has been a moderate week's sport, with the country wetter and heavier than ever. The best hunt of the week was from the Norreles via Sarsgrove to Ditchley; this was a point of just over six miles over a somewhat unusual line, and we fancy that several inhabitants of our western borders had never been so far east before.

### From the York and Ainsty

With the plough riding terribly deep, and without the services of our efficient first whipper-in, George Windridge (laid up with a broken collar-bone), the South pack didn't expect a great day after meeting at Rawcliffe on Saturday (February 13), but it turned out quite good after all. No. 1 fox was soon caught in Nova Scotia, and No. 2 from the Low Carr wasn't persevered with. No. 3, from Wood House covert, however, provided a really good hunt of an hour and twenty minutes, first a left-handed ring through the Low Carr and back to the starting point, and then towards Haxby. Going through Haxby Whin nearly to Sutton-on-Forest the pack ran through the High Carr to St. John's Well, where they were stopped as all the horses, not to say the ladies and gents, had had enough. Not much doing from Linton-on-Ouse when the North pack met there on Monday (15th). There are certainly not the foxes in that area that there ought to be.

A biggish field turned up when the Southerners met at Copmanthorpe on Tuesday (16th). After local hunts from Stubb Wood and Nun Appleton, a fox from Dog Kennel Wood provided a capital forty-five minutes past Appleton Roebuck, Woolas Grange and Brocket Hagg to Stubb Wood and down to the river opposite Moreby, where he defeated them. Lots of flood-water out and a severe day for horses.

### From the Fernie

February fill dyke certainly lives up to its reputation. On Monday, at Saddington, the Masters were in a quandary whether to proceed with hunting or give it best on the farmers' behalf. With a good field present, however, a try was made at Gumley, but fog coming down left no decision open and hounds returned to kennels. We were pleased to see Mrs. "Charlie" Edmonstone on her favourite grey out again after a long absence. There were several P. to P. aspirants qualifying. The lady on the bay was having a preliminary gallop on the Gumley schooling ground and looked like being in the first three. That sporting family, the Vigors, are leaving us for Ireland, and they will be much missed; also the Wernhers have gone to Palm Beach, but we hope to see them back again before the season peters out. Brig.-General and Mrs. Jack made everyone welcome at Kibworth on Thursday, and the scene in their paddock was gay with colour in the sunshine. The blue and buff of the Beaufort, unfamiliar in these parts, stood out, and the varied collars from other packs added to the general gaiety. Soldiers and racing men were out in numbers, and when we found in Sheepthorns nothing would stop them until Langton Caudel was reached after sixty minutes of the best. A large section of the field got tailed off in the Stonton Vale, where the swollen brook defied the bravest until "Peggy" discovered a ford and hand-gate. A stern chase over the rolling pastures around Stonton Wyville brought them up to hounds again. The Noseley coverts provided further sport, but foxes were much hampered by the strong line of motor cars which barricaded the roads at intervals on this day.

### From Lincolnshire

It would be difficult to imagine a more picturesque setting for a meet of hounds than that at Thorpe Latimer House, where the Belvoir met on February 12, and the hospitality accorded by Mr. and Mrs. Watts must have sadly depleted their wine cellar. Colonel Colman was a notable absentee, owing to indisposition, and Sir George Whichcote was in command. It was in and around his famous strongholds at Aswarby—which always hold foxes as well as pheasants—that a really first-class day gyrated. We hope the visitor from the Whaddon 'Chase enjoyed the fun! Scenting conditions for the Brocklesby on the Saturday were about the best this season, and hounds ran as fast on the plough as they did on the grass. For two hours and twenty minutes they were continuously hunting a fox from Thorganby Gorse and the end came only when every 'oss was beaten. On the same day everybody was delighted to see Miss Rosemary Sanders, M.F.H. of the Southwold, riding with the pack for the first time since her accident.

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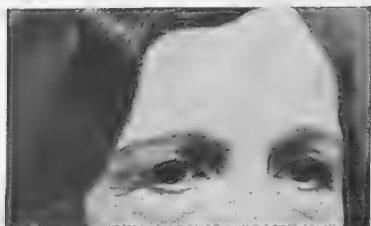
MR. BOB WORMALD, LADY NELSON, AND CAPTAIN AND  
MRS. CHARLES WINTER

Photos: Poole, Dublin

The recent Westmeath Hunt Ball, held at the County Hall, Mullingar, hit a very high spot where hilarity was concerned, and drew all the hunting celebrities in the county and from round about and also from the South of Ireland—far-away Tipperary. Captain Charles Winter, who has been Master since 1927, is an ex-Rifleman (R.B.), and the Hon. Terence Prittie, the son of another, Lord Dunalley, who lives in Tipperary and has written one or two quite good novels. Sir John Prichard-Jones is a son of Lady Louth by her first marriage, and Lady Nelson is the wife of Sir James Nelson, the well-known race-horse owner. Mr. Wormald is a G.R. with a good "practice" on our side of the Irish Sea, and Miss Morrogh-Ryan a Meath "regular." The Westmeath are inclined to claim that their country takes a bit more getting over than their neighbours' due south, but Meath, it is understood, continues to maintain its own views as to this. The visitor from England may find a good deal to engage his attention in both countries and an Irish-bred horse is strongly recommended

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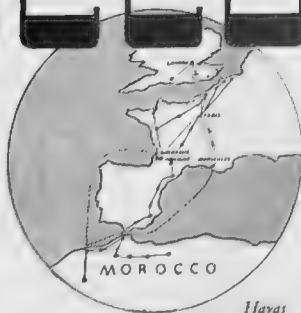
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This objective has been followed by means of committees of experts invited by the League to investigate specific problems by discussion and the pooling of knowledge, by research and enquiry, by the collection of statistics, and in other ways. Where the League's findings have been conclusive, they have been impressed upon the Government of the day by deputations.

The People's League of Health to make its first National Appeal, which will be launched by means of a banquet at the Guildhall, on April 15, at which the Lord Mayor has kindly promised to preside and at which Lord Horder and other eminent speakers will support the League's appeal. He gives double who gives at once. Contributions to this appeal for a cause which can go so far to reduce the strain on our hospitals and other charitable organisations should be sent to Miss Olga Nethersole, C.B.E., 12, Stratford Place, W.1.

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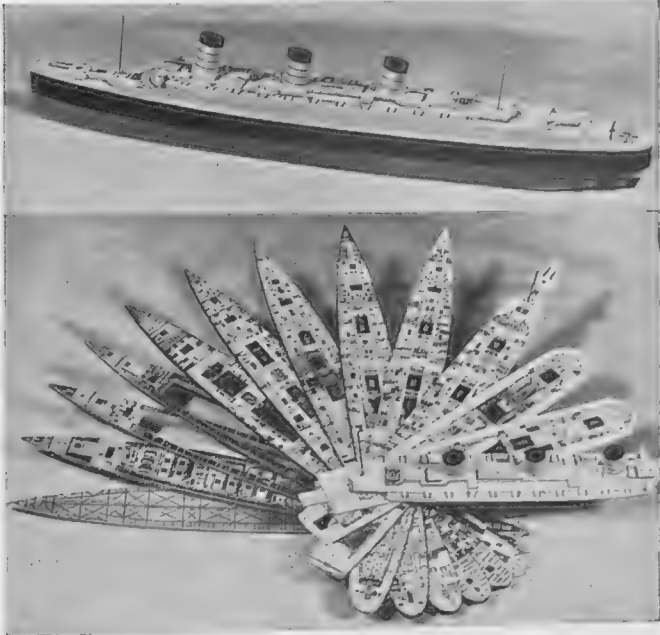
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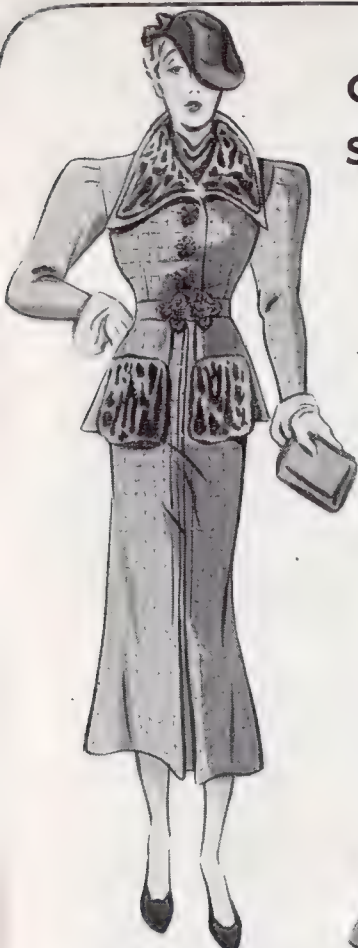
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where 6/6.*

**"something new"**

a fur trimming of ocelot makes this suit quite one of the most delightful models you could choose to wear as "something new" for the spring. notice the square pockets and the deep pointed collar... also the carved buttons and matching buckle, in new shades.

cash 7½ gns. or 7 payments of 22/6 monthly

## corot's collection of new spring models is now ready.

*you really must see them!*

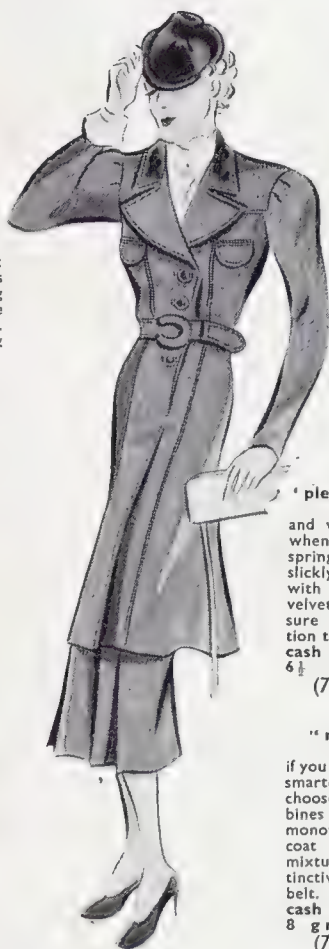
well-dressed women have discovered that the personal attention madame corot gives to every order means **complete satisfaction**—and they have come to rely **absolutely** on the correctness and fit of the clothes we make for them. the new corot spring collection of perfectly tailored suits and coats—paris inspired frocks and evening gowns—is really well worth your inspection. make a note to call at 33 old bond street at your earliest convenience.

**you will be interested in corot's new deferred payment plan too. there is no extra charge for this great convenience, and the whole matter is handled in a strictly confidential manner.**

**"guest of honour"**

here's a two-piece that gives you a perfect indication of the new lines. the coat is fitted to the waist and has revers of dyed squirrel. the dress in a matching but lighter weight lainage has a scalloped front and flared skirt.

cash 14½ gns. or 7 payments of 43/6 monthly.

**"pleased with herself"**  
(at left)

and well might anyone be, when her outfit for the first spring days consists of a slickly tailored coat worn with a matching skirt. the velvet collar on the coat is sure to attract your attention too.

cash 6½ gns. or 7 payments of 19/6 monthly.

**"none so smart"**  
(at right)

if you'd step out in really the smartest of two-pieces, choose this one that combines a frock in a dark-toned monotone wool with a flared coat in a toning tweed mixture. notice the distinctive neck line and tie belt.

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## confidential

no matter where you go, you will find charming, soignée, magnificently dressed women who have come to corot not only because of their exquisite models, but also because of the great convenience of corot's "no formality" confidential payment plan. no references or guarantees of any kind are needed. as a first step to dress perfection, madam, call at the bond street showrooms—or, if this is not convenient, post the coupon below for your copy of the new spring fashion portfolio.

**"front page"**

a lavish use of dyed ermine makes the unusual revers and collar of this coat quite outstanding. the narrow leather belt is also a new feature of this season.

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# corot

(dept. t.498)

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**free**

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The cost of Pelts is daily rising, and early purchase is advisable

Illustration shows . . . .  
Useful Light-Weight  
THREE - QUARTER  
COAT

beautifully worked in Windsor brown dyed Canadian squirrel. A new note is introduced in the adaptable and very becoming two-way collar.

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Interesting Model  
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● Tailored COAT of selected quality Camel Hair with squared shoulders and inset sleeves. Vent at back . . . Fully lined.

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On the right is another of our inimitable Sports Suits in tightly knitted mixture of thread and wool—cool, chic and efficient, but then everyone knows about our Jersey Shop Suits! Try on this one in Cream, Turquoise, Gold, Mushroom Pink, or Cambridge Blue. Small and medium sizes. Price 4½ Gns.

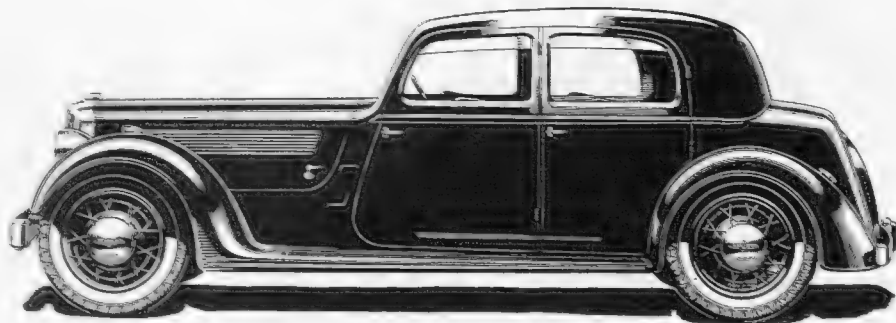
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THE ROVER COMPANY LTD., COVENTRY

# "THE TATLER" SPRING MOTOR SECTION

## BUY A CAR AND SEE LIFE

By JOHN PRIOLEAU



THE WOLSELEY 25 H.P. SPORTSMAN'S SALOON IN ATTRACTIVE SURROUNDINGS

WHEN this appears it will not, as you have already perceived by the calendar, be Spring. Spring, according to that invaluable work of reference, has an equinox on March 21, at 12.45 a.m. precisely, but I can't find anything about when it begins—or is an equinox a spring? The beginning, the middle, or the end of it? It is not really of any importance, for, in any case, you will not be deceived into supposing that the wanton season pays the smallest attention to calendars, unless they happen to be Greek, spelt with a K, having only two syllables, and meaning something quite different. I have known Spring choose that kind—or so it seemed to me, suffering such tortures as may be gauged by this entry in my diary of the year, under date May 29, 1932: "Temp. 38. Wind E. Woolly under shirt. End of world." With a cutting from a paper gummed on, saying that this day was colder in London than Boxing Day had been in Aberdeen. Two days later the temp. was 68, the wind S., my woolly back in the bottom drawer, and Summer had neatly side-stepped Spring and nosed her out. Serve her right, anyway.

Did we spring-motor in that bitter month? Did we not? We began doing it either before or at the then unsuspected equinox and went right on till the end. And, now I come to think of it, that May 29 must have been Summer, for further reference to the calendar tells us that Summer has a nice solstice only twenty-odd days later. Make you what you will of that when considering the attractions of England as a winter resort.

However, that was the only time I can remember no genuinely first or last appearance of the most important time of the year, and as, at the moment of writing, the far-famed Abbé Gabriel looks like having his entire life's work shoved down the drain (he having, you cannot fail to recollect, prophesied for the period 1936-1937 the coldest winter since the Black Plague or the Conquest, or some such picturesque epoch), it may be that on February 24 (to-day, in simpler language) the word Spring will not look so utterly ridiculous as it does to-day (another and earlier one) at the head of these reflections. One is writing, as, of course, you know, a fortnight ago, not yesterday, or even to-day. One has to be careful. If confusing.

"Spring Motoring." Pleasant words of cheer, words that conjure up all sorts of agreeable pictures of pale green hedges, ditches full of flowers, bluebells starring the shadows of the woods, daffodils lighting up the sward under noble beeches, crisp blue skies with white clouds sailing in them, little trout in Devonshire brooks, bigger ones in the Test, rooks wheeling about the elm-heads, thrushes rapturous, larks filling the air with music, yourself in your beloved car, and under all a gay road leading the happiest of dreamers to the fulfilment of their dreams.

When the time comes it may not, of course, be at all like that, but a raving nightmare of snow and ice and grey skies, an inferno of east wind. You know, having been well brought up under the best teachers, that Hell is a place where they make the east wind and where the inmates are only allowed to listen to the fires crackling. You (an inmate) would give the frozen remnants of what was once your soul to see and feel those devouring flames, but the regulations do not permit it. Hell is a place where you are always cold, the only break being when you are colder. That is what it may be like on and after February 24 (to-day, remember). None

the less and with the lead not yet on the stage but desperately pursued by the call-boys of the

(Left) IN THE FOREST OF ARDEN: A RILEY "NINE" MONACO SALOON



(Continued on p. 5)



"THE ASTONISHED OSTRICH" SURVEYS AN AUSTIN "TEN" CAMBRIDGE SALOON





ANCIENT AND MODERN: THE NEW FORD V8 IN A VENERABLE SETTING

Meteorological Bureau (optimistic infants always), the villain still doing the heavy, grimly giggling with jokes from Iceland and the Steppes of Russia, with every evidence, in short, of a record frost over the whole show, with all these things the day that Comedy of Manners called Spring is due to open is a very real date.

Freeze it never so hard, blow it never so blizzardily, you know that it is the real beginning of the new year, that winter is dead and that it is your immediate duty to go out at once in your car and bury it, dancing vigorously afterwards on the grave. For whatever weather she chooses for her unpunctual appearance, you can always be sure that Spring is in her dressing-room, if not in the wings, extremely busy with her incomparable make-up (she does use rather special stuff, you must admit), when you have your full twelve hours' driving light. That well-informed calendar of mine says, in different and superior language, that about now we are getting eleven hours of it, so by the time you are all set for the great adventure she will have been shoof'd on. It will be nice, of course, if she puts over a decent turn, with plenty of warmth and light and laughter, but it doesn't really matter if she is a Flop. For it is the time of her number that is important—the First Hour of Freedom.

And what to do with her when we've got her? Obviously, buy a car and see life. (I know quite well it is a ham in the original, but how superior, you must agree, is a car for the purpose.) That goes for those miserable and yet superlatively lucky people who haven't got one—miserable because of all the things they have missed for years, lucky because they have so much happiness before them. Like people who are just beginning to read "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" and "The Wrecker" for the first time. For you and me in our profound wisdom, shading our eyes to look back over the long vista of years when cars have gladdened our lives, read "Refit and Do It Again"—"It" being the seeing of life as it can only be seen, from the roads of the world, life and the people who live it, where and how they live it,

## Buy a Car and See Life

(Continued from p. 4)

watching the whole gorgeous pageant drift past your windscreen; "Refit" the tuning-up and buying for the old milk-float all the things you have not had the face to suggest since last summer and giving her a proper do-over. (A charlady of my acquaintance gives one of these to what are known as her specials every day, to the others when she can't get out of it.) You will like giving her (the old float, not the charlady) all the things you feel sure she would like, and you ought to like giving her the proper do-over; but I daresay when you have faithfully performed the first duty you will let George at the service-station do the second. And provided you smoke an observant cigarette while George is busy below with pressure grease-gun, and Horace, later, does a spot of oil-changing, brake-adjusting and rattle-and-squeak chasing, I think you are wise. Time was when we took immense pride in doing these filthy things for our-

selves, saying that if you do a thing yourself you know that it is done. We have changed all that now. The prudent man sees to it that exactly those beastly jobs are finished by somebody else which he has himself secretly fumbled and scamped for years. Call upon George and upon Horace.

And here is where we must be sorry again for the miserablefortunates who have only got a new car. For I defy them to find an empty place for any gadget, almost to buy a car in which every gadget is not a standard fitting. If the maker makes the dials round and not square, oblong, elliptical, hexagonal, or just plain crazy shape, they can, of course, tear off the clock and put in an altitude-meter or a clock of a different breed. I was going to say that they could buy another speed indicator, but that wouldn't be true. Believe me or believe me not, I who write have just failed most lamentably to buy my golden-hearted comforter a

(Continued on p. 10)



UNDER THE TREES OF SUTTON COURTENAY: THE NEW 1½-LITRE M.G. FOUR DOOR SALOON



A LAGONDA 4½-LITRE TOURER AT LLANTHONY ABBEY, NEAR ABERGAVENNY



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SALOON (Fixed Head)  
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M.164



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## Road Reflections—continued from page 11

### Handling Methods.

A change of car may demand a change of handling methods. To take extremes, there is the car with the very small engine in which the driver must play on his gears as if they were a piano to get the best results; and there is the car with the very big engine in which the driver must leave the gears alone and cultivate a sort of drifting movement. For economy, as I have pointed out before, the smooth, slow glide is the best. For performance the gears must always come into increasing prominence, although with some big-engined, light-weight cars, they need never be used intensively. Both driving methods have their interest, and I can enjoy a run in a small firework of eight horse power as much as in some double bed-sized barouche of thirty or forty horse power. And here I come to one of the important points about motoring to-day; a point which is usually overlooked.

That touring is enjoyable is well known, and that England and the Continent have plenty of interesting touring grounds available is also well known. But what is less well known is that driving in towns and traffic may also be enjoyable. Some time ago I wrote a little book on Traffic Driving Technique, and when I was accumulating material for that book I began to realise how fascinating traffic driving is. In touring the interest lies outside the car, in the country through which one is passing or the places one visits; but in traffic driving the interest lies in the car itself and in the handling of it.

### Give and Take.

Driving for long periods in heavy traffic teaches a driver to recognise other drivers and to be able to guess at the things they will do in a given set of circumstances. The taxi-driver drives in one way; the omnibus driver in another. The woman in a small saloon with the rear number plate dangling on a single bolt will probably drive as untidily as her car suggests; whereas the woman in

the almost unbelievably well-kept car will be careful and neat in her motoring manoeuvres. I have said that the taxi-driver drives in one way, but that is not strictly accurate; he drives in two sub-divisions of one way, according to whether he has a fare or not. In my opinion he is generally a good driver, capable of handling his vehicle with accuracy, even if he is inclined to be rough with detail work, such as gear changing. But there can be no doubt that when he has a fare he tends to thrust, and when he has not a fare he tends to forget that there are other vehicles on the road which want to get along and which object to being blocked by a taxi-cab blissfully drifting at about 15 m.p.h. in the middle of the road.

Practice is the thing that turns traffic driving from a misery into a pleasure; practice and observation. One must learn the habits of vehicles not only according to their types; but according to their towns. In Manchester there are slight differences in traffic behaviour compared with London. Paris has its own brilliant and delightful traffic behaviour, and driving in Paris is one of the world's finest tonics. One goes fast, but one also recognises that all other drivers are on the alert and that the smallest sign will be noted and acted upon. In London, on the other hand, where the traffic moves more slowly, one can wave a hand for half an hour and still find that the driver behind has failed to notice it.

### Significant Movement.

And that brings me back to my favourite subject of significant movement. It is my opinion that it would be better if much less emphasis were to be placed upon hand and mechanical signals and much more upon significant movement. A recent case in the courts has shown how little understood are the problems of traffic driving; for it was held that the failure to give a hand signal was negligence or that it tended to support evidence of negligence. Now that is utterly wrong. Hand and mechanical signals should be regarded

*Continued on page 12*



THE "14" AND THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY:  
A VAUXHALL AT SALMESBURY

Salmesbury Hall was built in 1325; it has been restored to all its mediæval glory. This Vauxhall 14 is a product of 1937, brought right up to the last moment of modern efficiency



Left: A LANCHESTER 14  
ROADRIDER AT  
HATCHETT POND, BEAULIEU



IN A BUCKINGHAMSHIRE LANE: A HUMBER  
SNIPE SPORTS SALOON



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EN ROUTE FOR THE GOLF LINKS



THE  
Armstrong Siddeley  
ATALANTA

Here is the successful Seventeen in its most attractive form—modern coachwork finished in the most luxurious style, on a chassis of brilliant performance that answers to every mood. Its high performance engine gives thrilling acceleration and possesses a great reserve of power. Perfectly silent in town or on the open road, it is a truly delightful car to drive.

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AMONG THE FLINT WALLS OF SUSSEX: A 3½-LITRE BENTLEY OPEN TOURER

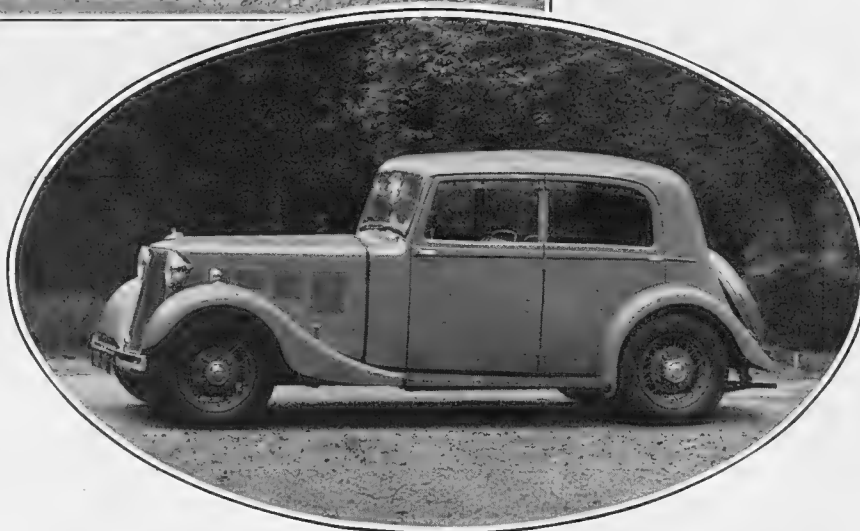
#### Speed 25.

Alvis is as Alvis does: and it does very well indeed. Let me begin by a sort of ricochet compliment, or laudatory backhander. The Alvis Speed Twenty-Five is almost the only car I have ever met in which a comprehensive trial run and a close inspection failed to reveal any feature of performance or construction which I disliked. It is a thing that can be said of few cars; for if one tries hard enough there is usually a "but" in the finest specification and the best behaviour. For me, however, the Alvis Speed Twenty-Five is a car without a "but." I enjoyed every minute I was driving it and my examination of the chassis enhanced my opinion of the thoroughness and creative originality of the company's engineers. If all cars were like this one the work of a motoring correspondent would indeed be the sinecure most people seem to think it is. Here is a performance précis to whet your appetite and then we can get down to detailed description.

From a standstill to 50 m.p.h., without scratching the furniture, takes about 12½ seconds. Ninety-five miles an hour can be put up on the clock when the driver wants it and conditions allow. With suitable ignition settings the speed can be dropped to 7 m.p.h. on the clock and sent soaring again, all in top gear without snatch or pother.

Seventy is within reach on third gear with the engine spinning itself into an illusion of immobility around the 5,000 r.p.m. mark. At 75 m.p.h. on top one has the knowledge that the car will jump to it eagerly if one merely treads on the pedal.

But it is important to note that all this is done in a smooth and confident manner, the car running like a sailing ship, without roughness and with a grip on the road that does more than anything else, perhaps, to make the driver feel good. The price of the car is £850 and it gives the most civilised form of motoring to be had for under £1,000.



THE SIX-CYLINDER 14-H.P. ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY FOUR-DOOR, FOUR-LIGHT SALOON

## PETROL VAPOUR

By JOHN OLIVER

#### Specification.

The independent front wheel mounting, pioneered by Alvis, is worth a fortune to the man at the wheel and the car sits down just as comfortably as its looks imply. Then there are the brakes—real brakes in 14-inch drums; brakes that you can stand on while the car magically sheds its speed. The gear box is the all-synchromesh one, also pioneered and patented by the firm, and it will play any movement from *adagio* to *presto* with equal ease. The six-cylinder engine is of 3,571 c.c. capacity and it has a number of special features, among which I should mention the valve mechanism and the multiple valve springs, the seven-bearing crankshaft and the induction system with its triple carburettors. Dual

ignition is used and one starts on the coil and then goes over to the magneto for normal running. Riding control is provided, a small lever on the right of the instrument board giving the range of settings from soft to hard. Chassis lubrication is centralised at the pedal under the dash. Permanent jacks are part of the standard equipment.

Among the instruments, which are indirectly lighted, there is

(Continued on page 1)



MR. FRANK SALISBURY, THE FAMOUS ARTIST, WITH HIS 25-30-H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE

Jack Barclay, Ltd., are the designers of this neat Sports Saloon, which they supplied to Mr. Frank O. Salisbury, the famous painter of portraits, who is seen with it at his Hampstead house. The chassis is the small brother of that aristocrat among motors, the Rolls-Royce

In a memorable year **WOLSELEY**  
crown all previous successes with a  
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The new Wolseley 18/80 is an eighteen horse power car whose six cylinder engine develops 80 b.h.p. It can cruise all day at 70; it will produce when called upon that extra verve of acceleration and sustained high speed (it is very steady at 80) that is useful on the open road. Yet it is docile enough in town for anyone to handle.

With ride-control shock-absorbers (adjustable from the dash), very long springs, anatomical seats and extra low pressure tyres, it can be said to "make its own road", so smoothly and effortlessly does it flatten out hills and rough surfaces alike. It is available in two body styles —each remarkable for that distinction and beauty which recently won for Wolseley the coveted Grand Prix d'Honneur for coachwork and comfort at the Monte Carlo Rally.

This is going to be a very much sought after car. Do by all means have a run in one soon. There is one coming to your district to-day.

CHOICE OF  
TWO BODY  
STYLES

Saloon £290  
(shown below)

Salon de Ville  
£320

(Prices ex works)

THE NEW

18'80



*Wolseley cars are fitted with  
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Jackall hydraulic jacks.*

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**W** BUY WISELY - BUY  
**WOLSELEY**  
THE TRUSTWORTHY CAR



## Buy a Car and See Life—continued from page 1

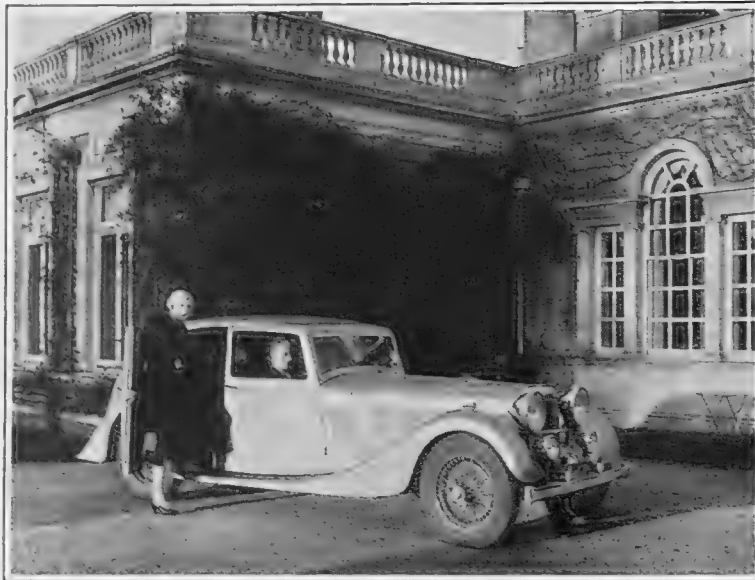
new speed-indicator. They don't make them for the common public any more. Bust your speed-indicator and you can languish without one, for all they care. Golden-Heart got one given her in the end, pickings off a wreck on its way to be broken up. The deceased had done over 150,000 miles in ten years, all over Europe, and her owner mourns. Her indicator now marks Golden-Heart's grave paces, and must bring her luck. It is the sixth young G.-H. has cost me, and she will only be ten in December. Young blood, young blood.

For myself, in this matter of buying things, I am, as usual, getting another set of screens. I have had all sorts, mostly useless, and the interior of the car on a windy day bears a marked resemblance to hell, for reasons given above. That resemblance will doubtless be preserved through yet another year, and there is nothing to be done about it. I am full of simple faith, and let it go at that. You, on the other hand, wallowing in your in-built warmth, will have to think of something else, and what else could you possibly think of but maps? Not just maps, like that, the sort you find at the bottom of the tool-box or under a seat, looking like yesterday's 6.30 and of about as much use as a guide, but maps of places you don't yet know, of roads that go far beyond the horizon, of mountain-passes and great rivers, of foreign lands and people, of distant sea-shores, of the world which is Life, to see which you must buy a car. Maps of noble degree, having on them such names as Hungary and Castile, the Netherlands, Corsica and Burgundy, Carinthia, the Loire, Béarn, Provence, Bohemia,

Bavaria and the Baltic coast, and the whole Kingdom of Italy in the sunshine, maps you guard as jealously as first editions, never letting them out of your hand. These are what you must buy for your new car or your old as her Spring present and for your own life-long delight. Because the first thing you must do this very Spring is to take her, with or without ministrations by George and Co., and drive her to as many of the splendid places marked as you can in the time, and if you say you haven't got time, steal it. For remember this, above everything else, that once you have landed on a French, a Belgian or a Dutch quay, time exists only as a measure of convenience. It is useful to discover, if you have not already had intimate

warning, that it will soon be lunch time, because French, Belgian, Dutch, German, Austrian, Italian, Hungarian and even Swiss lunches are better eaten when they are ready than afterwards. It may sometimes be convenient to know which day will be a Sunday, because shops are apt to be shut then, and you might have to put off getting a new shirt or even a new map until Monday. Apart from that you should disregard time altogether as a medieval superstition. You have all those glorious days when you roll across the world in idiotic happiness. Must you count them?

Forget it all, including Horace, and go swiftly where there is freedom and peace on the road. Horace, as well as George, can be found under aliases in every land where wheels go round. Forget clocks, clothes and conventions. Tell as many lies as may be necessary to the proper dupes; make only such arrangements as will see you free to start on your Spring evasion. Buy a map and see Life. A map of happiness.



SPEED AND COMFORT: THE 4.3-LITRE ALVIS AT ALDENHAM HOUSE COUNTRY CLUB

This attractive model is one of the very fast ones, being quite capable of speeds over 100 m.p.h. The neat lines of the body are well seen against the creeper-clad walls of Aldenham House



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AUSTIN EIGHTEEN  
£298*

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## NOTABLE FEATURES

Spacious comfort for five people. Two folding occasional tables. Front seats independently adjustable—rear seats also adjustable. Smooth six-cylinder engine. Synchromesh gears. Jackall hydraulic jacks. Hydraulic shock absorbers. Adjustable steering column. Zinc interleaved springing. Pytchley sliding roof. Extra low-pressure tyres. Triplex toughened glass.



**GREATER** car value cannot be obtained to-day than that found in the Austin Eighteen. For £298 you have a really roomy five-seater of generous comfort, a fine performer, a car noted for its dependability. No wonder men by the score in the business and professional worlds find the Austin Eighteen Hertford Saloon such a sound investment. Ask your dealer to demonstrate this car.

PRICES (at works): HERTFORD SALOON (short wheelbase) . . . £298  
YORK SALOON . . . £328  
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# THE Austin EIGHTEEN

YOU BUY A CAR—BUT YOU INVEST IN AN AUSTIN



**MANY RANK AS CLAIMANTS**

to the

**ACCOMPLISHMENTS** of the new

4½ litre Lagonda; but in

**NO OTHER CAR** is such**VITALITY BLENDED** so perfectly

with

**COMFORT** and road**SECURITY.**

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# LAGONDA

The new 4½-litre

The new 12 Cylinder

L. G. Motors [Staines] Limited, Middlesex, England. Tel.: Staines 1122 (5 lines).

**Road Reflections**—continued from page 1

merely as a side line; a small aid to quick and accurate traffic flow, and never as a primary requirement. The primary requirement is significant movement of the car itself.

If you wish to turn right out of a main road into a side road, you must first edge over to the right-hand traffic stream. Then you must gradually slow down as you approach the mouth of the side road. Traffic following you will observe this significant movement, and drivers who know their job will put two and two together and reason that the movement of your car signifies that you are intending to turn down the side road. They will not need a hand



SMART AND FAST: THE 1937 2-LITRE TRIUMPH  
"CONTINENTAL"

The "Continental" Triumph is a car that combines comfort with speed adequate for the maintenance of a good road-average. Its appearance is workmanlike and pleasing

or mechanical signal to tell them that fact. Admittedly, the hand or mechanical signal should be given; for it supports and confirms the significant movement of the car; but it should not be relied upon. Yet the courts seem to regard the hand signal as the essential. Presumably, if the driver of a car running on the extreme left of the road were suddenly to thrust out an arm and swing across oncoming traffic streams to the right; and if one of those streams were to hit him, the courts would hold that the driver of the front car of the stream were to blame. Nobody with traffic driving experience would hold that view. Which shows how far from fact the courts have gone.

But I am not so much concerned with court interpretations at the moment as with pointing out that traffic driving as well as touring is enjoyable, and that with practice the use of a private motor car for making calls in London and other cities is a pleasure. Let us approach this new season of motoring in the realisation that motoring has more to offer than it ever had before in entertainment values. In the words of the film critic, it is not only good art; but it is also good box office.



LOW-PRICED BUT ROOMY: THE HILLMAN MINX  
SALOON DE LUXE

The Hillman Minx Magnificent Saloon de Luxe is only slightly dearer than the standard "Safety" model. The Minx is an ideal car for inexpensive motoring, since it offers remarkable accommodation for its moderate but completely adequate horse-power

**LOOK!**



*that's a*

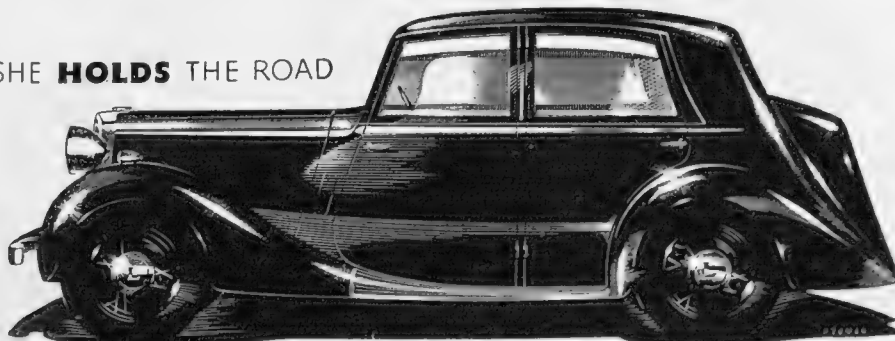
# LANCHESTER FOURTEEN Roadrider

It's exciting to see a Lanchester Roadrider but it's the people *inside* who get the most out of this superb engineering achievement. *They* get the thrill of balance, springing, weight distribution and Daimler fluid flywheel transmission harmonised into swift-flowing, road-holding comfort. Get inside a

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SALOON **£340**

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BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

*The Lanchester Motor Co. Ltd., 110 Sandy Lane, Coventry*





HANDSOME, ROOMY, AND SOLID: THE FLYING STANDARD "FOURTEEN"

a revolutions counter opposite the driver. The headlight dip and switch control is by hand. I have said many times in these notes that the hand dip and switch is superior to the foot one, so it is hardly necessary to repeat it. For fast motoring the hand control, in my view, should be regarded as essential. The left foot should be free and ready for the clutch pedal at just those moments, when approaching corners and curves, when the dip and switch is also wanted. For starting the Alvis there is a sort of miniature primer, and I am glad to be able to report that the car got going on a cold morning without hesitation. I said at the beginning that this is a car without a "but," and that remains true so far as chassis, performance and general behaviour are concerned. I have thought, however, of one thing which might be improved, the exterior spare wheel position. The exterior spare wheel is obsolescent. In five years it will be obsolete. If the Alvis spare wheel could be put somewhere out of sight, fuller advantage would be taken of the extremely smart lines of the car. But that is a very small "but."



A NEW CAR FOR MR. GORDON SELFRIDGE.  
A 40-50-H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE WITH LIMOUSINE  
DE VILLE BODY BY THRUPP AND MABERLY

## Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 1

Hip, Hip Hypoy!

The fashion for hypoid gearing, a form which has been in use in this country on certain expensive cars for ages, is spreading, and is presenting lubrication problems because ordinary gear oils will not stand up long to the sliding movement between the teeth. Consequently the Wakefield people have introduced a high-pressure lubricant called Castrol Hypoy. This copes with hypoid gear lubrication with complete success. Incidentally, the object of hypoid gearing is to bring the driving shaft lower and so to enable a low floor to be fitted to the car without tunnelling. The driving shaft, instead of meeting the differential housing diametrically, meets it between the diametrical and the tangential positions—or between the worm and straight-cut bevel positions.

(Continued on p. 4)



The place to see ROLLS-ROYCE and BENTLEY is at

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silent is the engine, so even the rate at which the car gathers speed, that the most timid passenger remains blissfully unaware that he or she is travelling at the speed of an express train." — *Reprinted from Sunday Times*

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Signed and dated 1830.  
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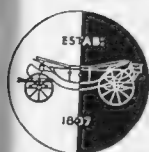
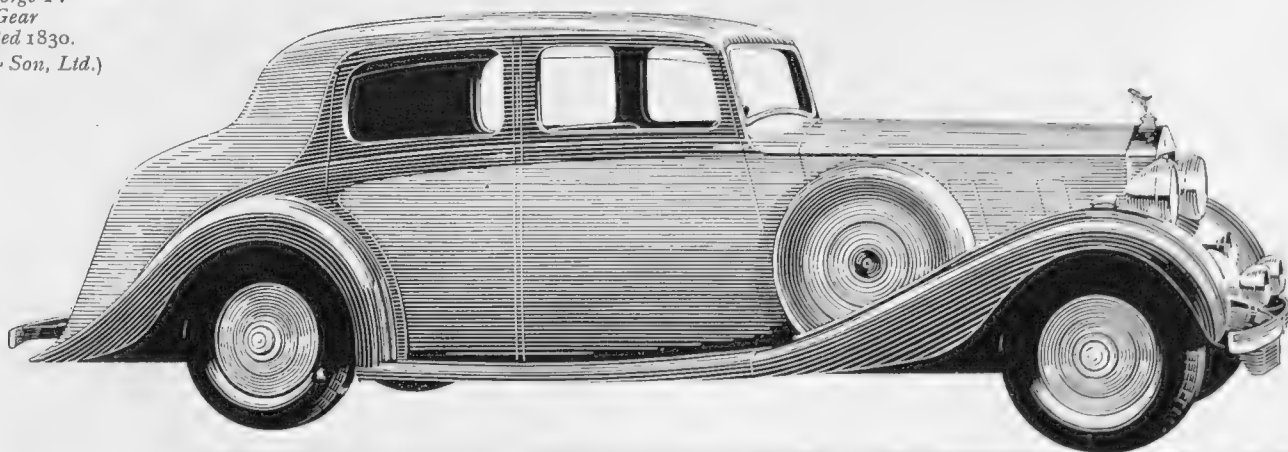


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A SMART MEDIUM-POWER SALOON: THE TALBOT "75"

Talbot has for many years been a name synonymous with solid staying-power allied to all the speed necessary. Above is another instance of the same tradition

#### A New Wolseley.

By the time these notes appear the first announcement will have been made of an entirely new Wolseley car. I have made a trial run with this car under special conditions and I shall hope in a future article to deal with it fully. Here I can say something about the specification. It is an 18-80 six-cylinder car of 2,322 c.c., with an annual tax of £13 10s. Based on the 14-56 model, the new car has greater liveliness as a result of the use of the higher power engine. There are also some refinements, such as riding control and a quick-starting carburation system which avoids the use of mixture controls and chokes and is entirely automatic.

The car is marketed in two body styles, one a full five-seater saloon, the lines following current Wolseley practice, and the other the five-seater saloon known as the Wolseley Salon de Ville. I must reserve further comment for my future article.

\* \* \*

#### Cyclists' Troubles.

I spent a day recently touring about in the London area collecting information about the habits of cyclists to see if I could hit upon any particular reason for the high casualties in this group of

### Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 1

road users. I found that the cycle tracks on such roads as West Avenue are fairly popular, some 80 to 90 per cent. of all cyclists using them. But the big problem with the pedal cycle occurs when it wishes to cross in front of on-coming traffic. Assume that a cyclist riding along on the extreme left of a heavily loaded road, with fast traffic upon it, wishes to turn right down a side road. He has to cross on-coming traffic. How is he to do it? Should he put a hand and trust that the drivers of on-coming vehicles see it? Should he try to edge across, lane by lane, while signalling? In both cases he will always have to compete with the selfish vehicle driver who simply will not give way to anything smaller than himself. Solve this problem of cycling and you will drastically reduce accidents.



ON THE HOG'S BACK, SURREY: A DAIMLER 25-H.P. STRAIGHT-EIGHT COUPÉ

Eight cylinders mean sweet driving. Twenty-five horse-power in eight cylinders can take you anywhere without the sense of effort. The Daimler 25 is a splendid example of this type of engine in modern dimensions



*That's Martin's Riley*

Did I look envious? Sorry, dear—I know our car cost as much as their's. Maybe the woman's a better driver than I am, but you know I drove Daddy's car before we were married—that was a Riley, do you remember? . . . But the way that woman changes gear annoys me. I mean, she never makes a sound, says she couldn't if she tried! New kind of gadget I suppose . . . now you needn't be cross, I'm quite satisfied really, and of course you know a lot more about cars than I do. By the way, Derek Martin's persuaded Joan's hubby to go in for a Riley . . . need you slam the door?

*Riley Cars*

Models: 9 h.p. (Tax £6 15 0) from £275; 12 h.p. (Tax £9 0 0) from £315; 15 h.p. (Tax £11 5 0) from £380. Every Riley has Preselctogear for easy gear change, an automatic clutch, the Lever-free front, inter-axle seating, Dunlop tyres, Triplex glass all round, Catalogue from Riley (Coventry) Limited, Coventry.

# For 1937 . . . Hudson's Completely New TERRAPLANE

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FROM  
£ 285



Terraplane De Luxe Saloon

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● **Performance and Endurance?** Proved before announcement with 8 new official records set by a 1937 stock model Terraplane

in a punishing 1,000 mile test at an average speed of 86.54 m.p.h.

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● **Interior Luxury?** Richness in upholstery and fittings equal to that in many cars far more costly.

● **Safety?** Body **all** of steel, and Duo-Automatic Hydraulic Brakes. The finest hydraulics, plus a separate safety braking system operating automatically from the same pedal.

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**MOST POWER . . . MOST ROOM . . . AT SUCH PRICES!**



## MOTOR NOTES AND NEWS

Visit to Ford Works, Dagenham.

Her Majesty Queen Marie of Yugoslavia and H.R.H. The Infanta Beatrice of Spain saw something of the marvels of the British motor car industry of to-day, when they paid a visit to the Ford Works, Dagenham, the vast headquarters in this country of the famous car manufacturing organisation. The Royal visitors were received by Ford executives at 11 a.m. at the large power house, which produces enough current to provide light, heat and power for a town of 180,000 inhabitants. During the tour they watched the Dagenham blast furnace in operation, saw gigantic cranes lifting tons of raw materials, and were shown examples of amazing Ford machine tools which save hours of time and work with remarkable accuracy.



A HOOPER-BODIED ROLLS-ROYCE AT THE ABBEY FOLK PARK MUSEUM

The Abbey Folk Park Museum is housed in a fine old twelfth-century tithe-barn at New Barnet. Modernity is supplied in the picture by the smart lines of the Hooper body on this Rolls-Royce chassis



HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARIE OF YUGOSLAVIA VISITS THE FORD WORKS AT DAGENHAM

Her Majesty Queen Marie of Yugoslavia, accompanied by H.R.H. The Infanta Beatrice of Spain, paid a visit to the huge Ford works at Dagenham recently. She is seen about to enter one of the company's cars. A note on the visit appears on this page

At mid-day the party went into the works cinema and saw the interesting Ford films. In the Export section, the Queen was shown cars being crated for shipment to her own country. She was especially interested in the works hospital, which has its own operating theatre and X-ray department and in the boys' trade school, where students from 14 to 18 years of age are trained to take their place in industry. The Royal party also visited the foundry and part of the engineering shops.

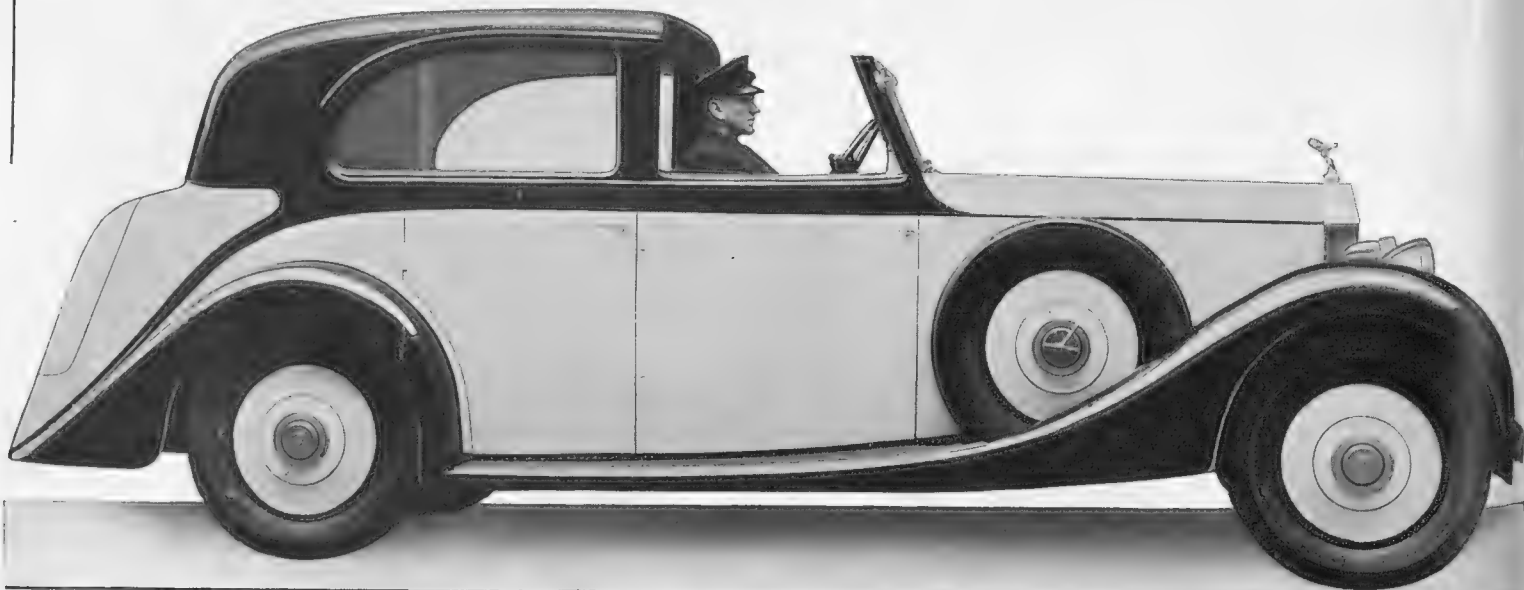
(Continued on p. 21)



BY APPOINTMENT

## CRAFTSMANSHIP

Windovers are showing an unrivalled collection of Rolls-Royce cars fitted with the latest refinements in bodywork designed in advance of the mode.



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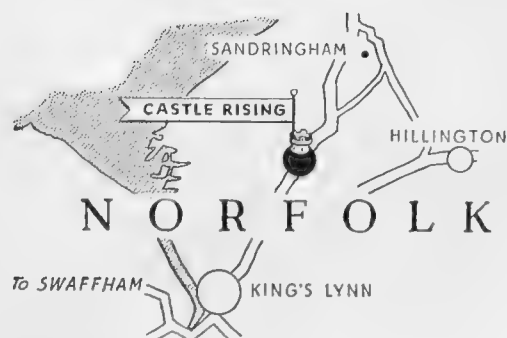
62, CONDUIT STREET, W.1. TEL.: MAYFAIR 7043 — 33, SLOANE STREET, S.W.1. TEL.: SLOANE 5146.



## CASTLE RISING

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## Motor Notes and News—continued from p. v

### Know How Your Car Works.

How much does the average present-day car owner know of what goes on "under the bonnet"?

Generally speaking, the old-time motorist knew practically all there was to know about the working of his car. To tell the blunt truth, he simply had to, for the automobile of his day, with certain very



A NEW BRITISH LUXURY CAR: THE AUTOVIA

Mr. H. C. Hutchinson, the Edinburgh distributor of the Autovia, is seen examining one of the cars when taking the first delivery to Scotland. This newcomer is a very high-class chassis with a 24 h.p. V8 engine. The short power-unit gives remarkable roominess to the body and the car is designed for the greatest possible comfort in motoring at speeds up to 85 m.p.h.

rare exceptions, had not attained to anything approaching the mechanical efficiency and reliability of the typical motor car of 1937.

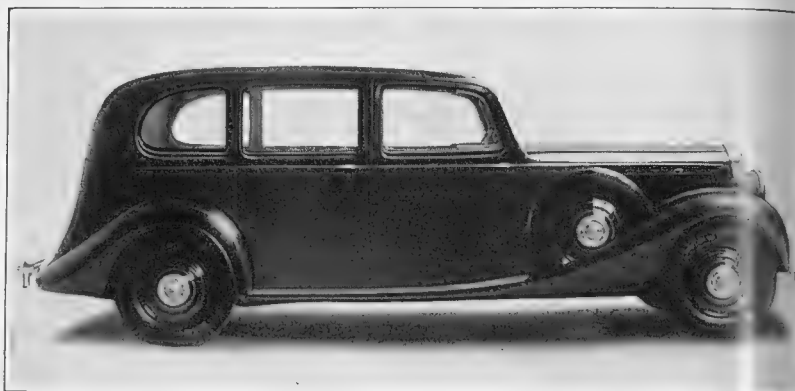
Involuntary stops caused by mechanical failure, serious and otherwise, were frequent occurrences, and with skilled assistance seldom close at hand, it behoved the motorist of not-so-very-long-ago to have an intimate practical knowledge of "the works."

### Knowledge that Saves Money.

Fortunately for the present-day car owner, mechanical troubles are so rare as to be almost non-existent, but those motorists who do take the trouble to understand and become familiar with the mechanism of their car, are nevertheless handsomely repaid. Not only does this knowledge enable them to get the very best out of the vehicle with maximum economy, but it also saves them money in the form of fewer repair bills and lower upkeep costs.

A splendid opportunity for motorists to develop their mechanical sense is now being given by the Humber and Hillman companies in conjunction with their distributors and dealers in all parts of the country.

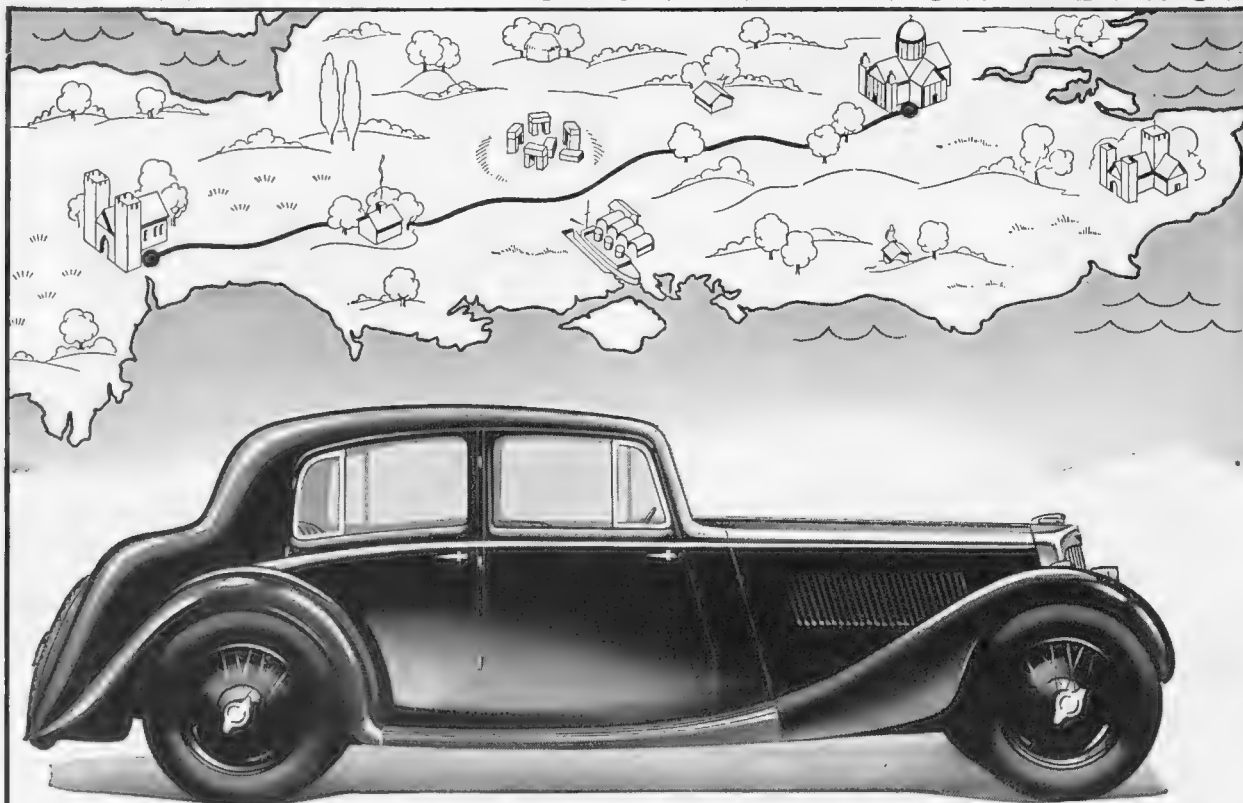
Special displays of the Minx Magnificent and "Evenkeel" suspension as fitted to Humber and Hillman six-cylinder models are being held in different centres every week, and in each case either the electrically driven Minx Magnificent sectioned working chassis, a specially finished stripped exhibition chassis, or the electrically driven Hawk sectioned six-cylinder engine forms the centre-piece of the exhibit.



THE SUNBEAM ENCLOSED DRIVE LIMOUSINE

The Sunbeam Enclosed Drive Limousine provides accommodation for six people in addition to the driver. The chassis is the new Sunbeam 30 with eight cylinders in line, a type unbeatable for engine efficiency

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# CAPSTAN SHANTIES XI

The Shellbacks said, when I was a lad—  
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 If you wants to return to your Mum and Dad—  
*( With a heave-ho, lads, heave-ho )—*  
 Better not sauce a heavier bloke :  
 If you meets a dusky maid, forget her :  
 Better not buy a cig. in a poke—  
 Better buy Capstan—they're blended better.

Issued by

*W. D. & H. O. Wills*

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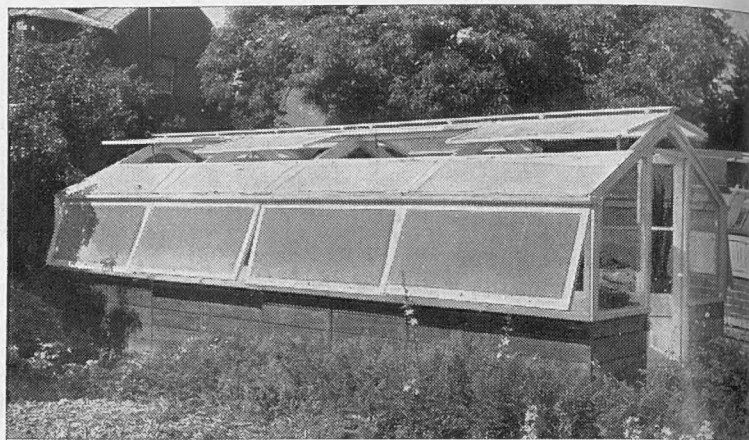
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congestion: kills the germs: stops  
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Cap-Martin.—Cap-Martin Hotel.—Free bus ser. with Monte-Carlo & Menton. Tennis, swim. pool, 15 ac. priv. pk. Incl. fr. 80 Frs., w. bath fr. 80 Frs.

Menton.—The Majestic (Swiss Hotel).—Central, sunny, on town gardens near sea, Casino and Tennis Club. All-comfort. Pension £4 weekly.

Monte-Carlo.—The Mirabeau.—A home away from home. Unrivalled situation. No increase in terms. F. Schipper

### GERMANY

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-class family hotel. 300 beds. Med. bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 9.

### GERMANY—continued.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hot.—World renowned. F. posit. opp. pk. & Opera. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. best Brit. Socy. Pens. fr. 12 Mk.

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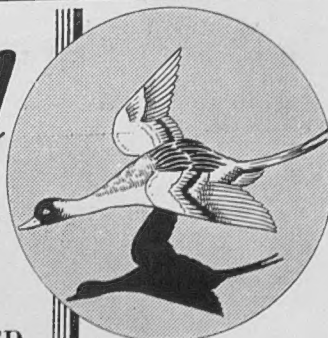
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